

PROCEEDINGS  
IN  
STATUARY HALL  
AND THE  
SENATE  
AND THE  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
UPON THE  
UNVEILING, RECEPTION, AND  
ACCEPTANCE  
FROM THE  
STATE OF INDIANA  
OF THE  
STATUE  
OF  
GENERAL LEW WALLACE

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JANUARY 11, 1910

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GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

(Full-length view of the statue in Statuary Hall at the Capitol, Washington.)

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COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE  
JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING



WASHINGTON  
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE  
1910

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

*Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring),* That there be printed and bound the proceedings in Congress, together with the proceedings at the unveiling in Statuary Hall, upon the acceptance of the statue of General Lewis Wallace, presented by the State of Indiana, sixteen thousand five hundred copies; of which five thousand shall be for the use of the Senate and ten thousand for the use of the House of Representatives, and the remaining fifteen hundred copies shall be for the use and distribution of the Senators and Representatives in Congress from the State of Indiana.

The Joint Committee on Printing is hereby authorized to have the copy prepared for the Public Printer, who shall procure suitable copper-process plates to be bound with these proceedings.

Passed March 24, 1910.



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GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

(Upper view of the statue in Statuary Hall at the Capitol, Washington.)

Anneiling of  
Statue of  
General Lem Wallace

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## CEREMONIES IN STATUARY HALL

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JANUARY 11, 1910.

The meeting was called to order at 10.30 a. m. by Captain John P. Megrew, chairman.

### Remarks of Captain John P. Megrew, Chairman

The CHAIRMAN. Ladies and gentlemen, we meet to-day to do honor to the memory of Indiana's distinguished son, Major-General LEW WALLACE. As president of the commission appointed by the governor of Indiana to have designed and executed a statue of General WALLACE to commemorate his service to State and Nation, I welcome you to this service. We have reason to believe that your presence is evidence of your love and admiration for the soldier, author, diplomat, whose name and fame are known in every land. Where civilization exists and the hallowed name of the Nazarene is known and the Bible read, there also will the name of General WALLACE be known and revered.

Prayer will now be offered by Reverend Mr. Dudley.

### Prayer by Reverend George F. Dudley

Reverend George F. Dudley offered the following prayer:

Lord of all power and might Who hath raised up many great men to be leaders and powers for good in this land of ours, we bless Thy holy Name for the life and work of this Thy servant whose statue we dedicate to-day. He was a good soldier, a

true patriot, and worthy citizen. Through his work many were brought to know Thee better and to love Thee more. May the Spirit which animated him inspire us to nobility of life and faithfulness of service. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The CHAIRMAN. The statue of General WALLACE will now be unveiled by Lew Wallace, jr., a grandson of the General.

The statue having been unveiled—

The CHAIRMAN. Mr. William Allen Wood, a member of the General Lew Wallace Statue Commission, will present, on behalf of the commission, the statue to the State of Indiana.

### Address of Mr. William Allen Wood

In consecrating here a statue to the memory of one of her greatest citizens, Indiana will have also the privilege of making a noteworthy addition to the best art of the Nation's Capital. At the instance of my fellow-members of the WALLACE statue commission, I have the honor and the pleasure of presenting to the State of Indiana, on behalf of the commission, this strikingly fine statue of General WALLACE. I am sure I am expressing the feeling of all the members of the commission when I say that the service we undertook on the invitation of Governor Hanly two years ago, and which we are soon to finish, has been a service of delight. The varied sculptural possibilities of the subject, a man of intensely dramatic figure and temperament, the instant and intelligent sympathy shown by the sculptor, Mr. O'Connor, toward the subject, and his consideration of the wishes of the commission, together with the constant interest of General WALLACE's son—these have relieved the service of all likeness to a task and have made the members of the commission enjoy the sensation of being sharers in the creation of a thing of beauty. For the opportunity for such service we thank



the State, rather than claim credit from the State for the service performed. I shall not neglect this opportunity to speak of the gratification and inspiration the two younger members of the commission have had because of the presence with them of a personal friend of General WALLACE, a junior officer in his command during the civil war. The jealous devotion of Captain Megrew to his military superior has many times beautifully illustrated the strength of military friendships, which, I believe, are next strongest to those of the family itself.

In the execution of the trust given to it, the commission has had two objects in view: To provide such a memorial as would give the people a cherished conception of General WALLACE, and to provide that the expression of that conception should be in the most forceful, artistic, and beautiful form, so as to associate the name of Indiana with the growing movement, nation wide, toward improvement in public monuments. Therefore, we engaged a sculptor whose works are known and admired, and whose talent is conceded by the most eminent of his professional contemporaries and by well-known critics of art in this country and in Europe. The result of our effort and judgment, so far as our part has contributed to the result, is before you. If the statue meets with your approval, our association with its erection will always remain a pleasant memory.

I would not pass this moment without a personal tribute to the friend of my earlier years. Incident and event follow one another quickly in the life of a young man and often become confused. It seems but yesterday that I sat in a corner shop in Crawfordsville and listened with joy to the tales that were told me by the man whom to-day we are honoring. How vividly he colored and projected my own ambitions and, veiled with story and illumined with illustration, what splendid advice

he gave! I am now sure that my assistance here is but an incident, while the impression I received then of a powerful personality was an event in my life. Then I felt that General WALLACE was, as Gautier said of himself, "a man for whom the visible world exists"—but not less, perhaps, the world for him than he for the world. The sheer human brilliance of this consummate individuality was such as to deeply impress the young man acquainted with his personality, his deeds and his works. His was that elemental individuality which, if I have read the history of the race aright, has belonged to the greatest leaders of civilization, both in military and literary performance, the individuality that lives and produces in epic story and rounded romance rather than in those fragmentary flashes of the lyric and psychic that delight the soulful swordsmen of the boudoir and the dilettanti of literature. To him the thrilling and enlightening incidents of life were still the incidents and not the whole of life. He was in no sense a man of the world, as De Maupassant, for instance, was a man of the world, but he was a man of the world as Washington and Gladstone were men of the world; and while we may in some ways admire and appreciate both classes of individuality, for some reason, deeply hidden among the instincts of our being, we respect very much more the latter class.

General WALLACE is a man of all time because he was so much a man of his own time. He stood four square to the problems and work of his generation. He put Monocacy beside Stirling in the annals of the WALLACE family and made two peoples grateful for the name of WALLACE instead of one; when there were no wars, as United States minister and as private citizen he was as virile in securing the benefits of peace as he was at other times in fighting to secure peace itself; in a time of spiritual inquiry and spiritual renaissance, when the Christian

preachers and the Ingersolls were stirring the depths of their hearers, fortifying doubt and creating it, he wrote the book that gave to tens of thousands a new intimacy with the personality of the Christ and advanced the cause of Christianity, not alone in America, but over the world, as effectively as the sermons of thousands of men. He was great in war and great in peace, and the quality of his manhood has placed him high in the hearts of his fellow-men. The people have acclaimed him, and we must reverence him. I salute the memory of this friend, this noble citizen, this great man. Governor Marshall, with pride, I present to the State of Indiana, through you, this testimony of the people's sincere affection for him. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. Governor Thomas R. Marshall will accept the statue on behalf of the State of Indiana.

#### Address of Governor Thomas R. Marshall

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: Three score and ten years ago a Governor of my native State concluded his official duties. To-day, as his remote successor, I come to this National Statuary Hall to lay at the feet of the counterfeit presentment of his illustrious son Indiana's sprig of rosemary.

As Greece stood for beauty and Rome for power, and as England stands for conquest and constitutional liberty, so stands the Republic for opportunity and iconoclasm, for ideas and ideals. In a way every modern land stands for opportunity, and in the narrow, cabined, confined sense, success may be spelled in any of them; but save in America it is only spelled aright by rules of precedent, such as: You may climb but may not make your ladder; What was, is and will be. Here we have changed all that; we make our own ladders and climb when and where we choose. But we warn all climbers to beware. We

build our pedestals and we put our heroes on them; but we also demand that whenever our images have feet of clay they shall be broken and cast down. In other lands a bit of blood and lineage will leaven the whole lump; in this land the query is not whence you came, but whither are you going.

Familiar is the saying that we are living in a commercial age; that patriotism is on the decline; that when it appears it is largely effervescent in its character, and that at its best it is merely a thin veneer over a life devoted to selfish interests. This is partly true and partly false. We could not if we would help being a commercial people. The extent of our territory and the vastness of our resources inevitably drive us into the market. We have no aristocracy of blood, and we are yet too young by any process of evolution to have an aristocracy of intellect and goodness. The earlier history of the Republic brought wars so closely together as to keep alive the flaming spirit of patriotism. But time has elapsed since sixty-one, and stories which thrilled our fathers as told by the lips of participants have now, for the most part, to be repeated with lesser effect in the pages of history. And yet there remains as a hopeful sign of the age the fact that a nation is not lost in the spirit of commercialism so long as its people do not set up for universal admiration men whose sole claim to greatness has been their buying and selling and getting of gain unto themselves. Not yet in this land have we been ready to put upon a pedestal men whose claim to greatness was simply the possession and use of a great financial sense. We look with wonder, but hardly with admiration, upon the men who have accumulated vast fortunes. So far as affecting our patriotism is concerned, they are in a class with prodigies of other kinds. Somehow we still have no more than a thrill for those who have made some great sacrifice for the political, intellectual, or moral progress of our people.

But hope exists that out of these piping times of peace there will come up heroes whose lives and achievements will keep this people as patriotic as the achievements of the great men in the hour of war have made them. It is more difficult and vastly more subtle to touch the patriotic instincts of a people in the hour of peace than in the hour of war. And yet somehow I feel that the far-off Divine destiny which has thus far guided the Republic will not withdraw its Guiding Hand; that, as in the hour of distress and danger, It put in the place of power a courageous soul who was willing to give all that the Republic might live, so even now, in the hour of peace, It will again when need arises put into the places of responsibility everywhere men who, at the sacrifice of great gain to themselves, will so pour out all their finer instincts in the common cause of our common humanity as to keep forever alight the fires upon the altars of constitutional liberty. Not yet has commercialism been able to place upon a pedestal a man who made money and made nothing else. If such a man climbs upon a pedestal the great body of the American people is iconoclastic enough to drag him down into the mire of common ridicule and laughter.

Do I attempt to paint the lily or to gild refined gold when I declare that the man who could do something in the hour of peace as well as in the hour of war to keep alive the traditions of the Republic is doubly blessed and doubly worthy of honor? Myriads of men are moved by passion, by prejudice, and by enthusiasm, but he is a man set far apart upon the misty mountain tops of life who can calmly and deliberately by the processes of his intelligence reach a right conclusion adverse to all his former opinions and then be so filled and thrilled with the justice of his cause as to be willing to die for it. By "right conclusion" I do not wish it understood that it is my judgment that the human intellect can inevitably reach a conclusion that is right. The most which should be demanded of any man is that he

bring to bear on a subject the very best of his intelligence, his conscience, and his will, and then that he act accordingly. Of such a man we say he has reached a right conclusion. It may be, in the judgment of the ages, a wrong conclusion, or in the opinion of the majority at the time it may be an untenable one. Still, it must be declared to be a right conclusion if the man has honestly used all his faculties to reach it. Such a man was LEW WALLACE. He dared in the hour of intense partisanship to calmly go over the principles of his party and to test them by every rule of his intelligence; he dared to reach the conclusion that they were wrong and to brave the contumely and the disgrace of party traitorship by embracing the cause which he had theretofore fought and by turning to it the zeal and energy of his young life; and finally he dared to offer that life as a sacrifice upon the altars of the cause which he had espoused. This alone is sufficient to warrant his place in this hall of fame, for here he can stand side by side with other men who have made like sacrifices.

WALLACE lived long and he lived well; he saw the cause for which he fought triumph; he saw the scars of war which he helped to inflict pass from the sight almost of the body politic; he returned to the peaceful pursuits of civil life; he became executive and diplomat; he succeeded everywhere, and then he wrote the story of the Cross. He believed that there were but two great and overmastering ideas in all life. He thought that there were but two supreme passions to control the human soul. Each of these passions appealed to him, not through prejudice, not through enthusiasm, but through his intelligence; and in that forum both were first settled after he had brought to bear upon each all the powers of a logical mind, and when both had been definitely settled to his own satisfaction, then his soul lit up with a flame of enthusiasm and sacrifice which knew

no bounds. These supreme passions were his loyalty to the Divine and his loyalty to the principles of his native land. One he embalmed in his immortal work; the other he embalmed in his immortal life. It may be a long time before he shall be seen in the right perspective by all citizens, but this I venture to say, that while many men may appear to adorn one of the twin pillars—Christian civilization and constitutional liberty—upon which the arch of the Republic rests, it will be years to come before there will be another man whose medallion like that of WALLACE can grace both of them.

LEW WALLACE was born in Brookville, Indiana, on April 10, 1827, and as the wife of his youth and of his old age sweetly puts it, "February 15, 1905, he bade this world 'Good night,' and his dreaming ended. He has found the new world, the universal religion, the One God." Seventy-eight years is a long, long time, and yet as we live these years from day to day how short they seem. Those of us who have done nothing can scarcely understand what may be accomplished in a life devoted to the working out of high ideals. It is true that WALLACE lived in a momentous era of the world's history; that the scenes shifted rapidly in the drama of human life around him, and that the actors were "in a fine frenzy rolling." Grant all this and grant that it was an age of great men and great ideas, of great ideals, of great opportunities, and yet we can not explain this man's accomplishments. The law of life has seemed to have been well put by the Apostle Paul in his statement "This one thing I do." It has seemed to be the rule in America that men, if they are willing to pay the price, can accomplish any one purpose they may have in view. It has also been a corollary that to accomplish that purpose all other purposes must be forgotten. Love and devotion to a cause in this land win; but it must be that devotion which sacrifices everything else to the one love.

In this hall there have been memorialized by the States of the Union those who were great in war, in history, in principles of government, in statecraft. Except in one instance those thus honored had almost exclusively to do with the building of the political and religious systems of this country. If, therefore, there has been in this land a unique character, great in more than one thing, assuredly that character has established its right to dwell in this American Pantheon.

Indiana claims to be no mean State. She was the child of the original thirteen colonies, and she drew of the best blood and the best thought of the best of them to the laying of her foundations. She may not kiss my lady's hand with all the grace of Maryland, but in the lists of life she would win my lady's heart; she may not dance the minuet as old Virginia did, but in the conquests of civilization she can lead the lancers. On that soil of hers, breathing the breath of a world's air, gazing at the glories of a primeval forest, seeking knowledge more in sky and tree and running brook than in the schools, she gave to America a genius; that genius whom this day in the garments of my misfit speech I adorn. If other States produce lawyers of renown, it stands of record in the courts of Indiana that WALLACE was opposing counsel to Hendricks, Harrison, Morton, McDonald, and Turpie. If other States produce great warriors, WALLACE of Indiana, at 20, went to Mexico, and in sixty-one left the bar to organize and fill Indiana's quota for Lincoln's first call, rising finally to the rank of major-general.

Whatever may be said of the Shiloh episode, I stand in that controversy with Indiana's son. While on that bloody day he had the chance by disobedience of orders to make a record such as Count Egmont made at St. Quentin or Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, still he also had the chance to fail, to be court-martialed and discharged in disgrace. It is no bar sinister upon



the escutcheon of his military fame that he chose to obey orders rather than by taking chances to disclose himself to be a great military genius. Here in the Nation's Capitol, here in this most sacred retreat of the American people, here where go forth the streams of healing for a people's evil, here, at least, the name of WALLACE should prove him to be a knight without fear and without reproach, for had he not held Monocacy Junction the Nation's Capitol would have become the spoil of armed rebellion.

WALLACE was dreamer, painter, poet, nature student, violinist. He was the first and only great man since Goldsmith of whom it might be truthfully said, he "touched nothing that he did not adorn." A Douglas Democrat, in the heat and turmoil of partisan intensity, he had that calm equipoise which bade him consider the question of slavery, and he was brave enough to stand by his idea of right regardless of party ties. He thought that the political ideal of this country was human freedom. He believed that all men were created free and equal, not just equal, as Jefferson put it. This ideal drove him to pledge his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor to its ingrafting into our National Constitution, and when the arbitrament of war had settled this question he turned himself to other pursuits. The warrior threw aside his sword and took up the practice of the law; he in time assumed the discharge of executive duties in one of the Territories of this country, and the representation of this great people at the court of an alien race and nation, and in all these years he read and thought and wrote, and, at last, he proved that however mighty his or any other sword might be, still, for the moving of mankind, his pen is mightier far.

As through slow processes of evolution he reached his own conclusion of the rights of men, so now he turned his attention to the rights of God. Up to this time his life had been so filled

with work and study and political strife that he had paid no attention to that finer and subtler thing—the dream-life of a soul. He approached the consideration of the question with a fair, logical, and unbiased mind. He wished to know what were the claims of Christianity. He reached his conclusion. May I make bold to say that it would be well for the Republic if every man could yield his consent to this sentence from his preface to the *Boyhood of Christ*:

Should one ask of another or wonder in himself why I, who am neither minister of the gospel nor theologian nor churchman, have presumed to write this book, it pleases me to answer him respectfully—I wrote it to fix an impression distinctly in my own mind; asks he for the impression thus sought to be fixed in my mind, then I could be twice happy did he content himself with this answer: The Jesus Christ in whom I believe was in all stages of His life a human being; His divinity was the spirit within Him and the spirit was God.

And so again, this man of ideals settled for himself the other great idea of our civilization, and then, through weary days and sleepless nights, persistently he wrote and rewrote until he had embalmed in poetic prose the story of the Divine Galilean, a story nineteen centuries old, but new with each new-born day; a story to be read and reread; to be seen enacted and reenacted as a great religious drama, and which is ever, ever, ever new; a story which, like the *Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, will be part of the intellectual and moral heritage of right-thinking men until they reach the farther rim and bounds of time.

A human life is the most valuable thing on earth. It has boundless possibilities for good or for evil. To estimate it is most difficult. What has it achieved; who can say? Have what we deem its successes been, after all, its own successes or are they but the integral part of a universal whole? Do in reality the successes as seen from the outside of a human life come exclusively from the judgment, conscience, and will of

that life itself, or have they all been brought about by fortuitous circumstances? Would Savonarola have been Savonarola in any age and in any clime? Does the individual man make the individual age or is he rather but the mouthpiece of the fate and feeling and the aspiration of the age in which he lives? Does he spring like Minerva panoplied from the brain of Jove, or has he been slowly encased in perfect armor by the movements and motives of the ages which have preceded him and the men who have surrounded him? Can we surely say that either success or failure rests with the man himself? If, therefore, it be difficult to measure with accuracy the success of a single human life, how much more difficult is it to mark the standing of a great man in an age tossed by passion and filled with men who thought and felt and strove with equal force?

The American people revere the names of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan; the Indianian reveres the names of WALLACE and Reynolds and Canby; and yet we know there were warriors before Achilles. The American honors the names of Sumner and Chase and Seward; the Indianian glories in the names of Morton and Hendricks and Harrison; and yet we know there were statesmen before Themistocles. The American thrills with the names of Garrison and Phillips; the Indianian with the names of Voorhees and Thompson; and yet we know there were orators before Demosthenes.

What really marks the great man in America? The opportunities for the accomplishment of things which in other ages and other climes would have set the man apart are so the common lot and common heritage of the common men and women of America that they can hardly be said to mark greatness. When Thomas Lincoln in southern Indiana built his rude hut with a wall to the east and a wall to the west and a wall to the north, but none to the south, because no rain came

therein and the sunshine always shone therein, his boy had presumably as little chance in life as any man born of woman ever had. Yet from out that little hut came a boy who, in this land of ideas and ideals, became the one great typical American. It is impossible to find in all the pages of history one who so combined all those finer elements which go to make up the finest gentleman. To have succeeded elsewhere, it would have been necessary for Lincoln to have waded through slaughter to a throne and to have shut the gates of mercy on mankind. Here he waded through slaughter only to a cross and opened wide the gates of mercy to mankind. [Applause.]

In greater or less degree, the brief life of the Republic has produced men in high and low estate who felt that for the cause of freedom and the rights of man it was indeed a sweet and proper thing to die. Indiana could call a long roll of such names, all worthy to be peers of the realm. Here she has safely deposited the statue of her famous war governor as she has securely enshrined his image in her heart. [Applause.] Here to-day she leaves another statue—the statue of a full-orbed man, the rays of whose life were shed not only upon things temporal, but upon things spiritual; the rays of whose life helped to bring to fruition human freedom; and the rays of whose life are helping still to bring to fruition Divine compassion.

Gentlemen of the commission, on behalf of Indiana I accept this statue, congratulate you on the successful conclusion of your labors, thank you for your zeal, fidelity, and skill, and notify you that upon to-morrow it will be formally presented to the Congress of the United States. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. I take more than native pride in introducing to you Indiana's poet, James Whitcomb Riley. [Applause.]

Poem by James Whitcomb Riley

Mr. Riley read the following poem, written by him for the occasion:

GENERAL LEW WALLACE

Even as his sculptured counterpart  
Shall here endure through dateless time,  
So lives he still, in soul and heart,  
Heroic and sublime—  
A kinsman of us all, and yet  
A prince of high and heavenly strain,  
The world's love as his coronet  
Throughout an endless reign.

Aye, still he lives—where harvests hum  
And days of bounteous peace are ours;  
Or at the sudden whirring drum  
When battle-tempest lowers—  
He lives and moves, through war's alarm,  
A sensate spirit, leading still  
His legions with a waving arm  
And an unwavering will.

What heights of inspiration he  
Awakens in each patriot brave  
Who follows him to victory,  
Above the very grave—  
Who meets and smites the impious foe  
That strikes the banner we so love,  
It shields our every home below  
Or hope of home above.

Shall ever, in the coming years,  
The spirit of the soldier fail  
To fire men's lips with answering cheers  
And prayers while arms prevail?  
And shall not art forever shrine  
Him living in her record thus,  
And history, in glowing line,  
Prolong his life for us?

Nay, death, thou mightiest of all  
 Dread conquerors—thou dreadest chief—  
 Thy heavy hand can here but fall  
 Light as the autumn leaf:  
 As vainly, too, its weight is laid  
 Upon the warrior's knightly sword;  
 Still through the charge and cannonade  
 It flashes for the Lord.

In forum—as in battlefield—  
 His voice rang for the truth—the right—  
 Keyed with the shibboleth that pealed  
 His soul forth to the fight:  
 The inspiration of his pen  
 Glowed as a star, and lit anew  
 The faces and the hearts of men  
 Watching, the long night through.

A destiny ordained—divine  
 It seemed to hosts of those who saw  
 His rise since youth and marked the line  
 Of his ascent with awe—  
 From the now-storied little town  
 That gave him birth and worth, behold,  
 Unto this day of his renown,  
 His sword and word of gold.

Serving the land he loved so well—  
 Hailed midsea or in foreign port,  
 Or in strange-bannered citadel  
 Of oriental court—  
 He—honored for his Nation's sake,  
 And loved and honored for his own—  
 Hath seen his flag in glory shake  
 Above the pagan throne.

[Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. I now present Senator Beveridge, who will deliver an address. [Applause.]

### Address of Honorable Albert J. Beveridge

Mr. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: The founding, the building, the saving of the American Nation is the epic of all the ages—the story of a people who made wilderness into homes,

wrought welfare out of hardship, transformed obstacles into opportunities, triumphed over Nature and hard conditions, were victorious even over themselves, all in the name and by the power of high idealism, of which mankind always had dreamed before, but which mankind never before had realized. [Applause.]

This hall is dedicated to the statues of those whose lives and deeds showed forth the qualities that founded and built and saved the Republic. The American Nation is organized American character. It is made up of the fundamental traits of the men and women who compose it. It means liberty, but it also means law. It means progress, but it also means order. It means prosperity and human comfort, but it also means that idealism without which mere material wealth is base and degrading. It means unshackled thought that dares to search the universe, but it also means that faith which is the north star to all the voyages of rational intellect. In short, the American Nation means the highest efforts ever made by the mind and soul of man to enable human beings to make the most of their brief lives. [Applause.]

The representative American first of all is a believer in human freedom, in equal opportunity. He is a believer, too, in industry, without which liberty and opportunity yield no fruit. He is a believer in law and order, without which the fruits of opportunity and of labor are never safe. He is a believer in those fundamental moral and spiritual truths that flow from the heart of God and are as eternal as their author. [Applause.] And knowing that the Nation stands for all these things, he combines them all in a higher patriotism than history has ever known. For, to the typical American, patriotism does not mean love of country. No, it means love of a country which stands for those dreams which mankind has always cherished. [Applause.]

This hall should be the abiding place of America's immortals. The Nation should guard its sacred doors with proud and reverent jealousy. Each statue here unveiled should be radiant with a patriotism so powerful and so pure that its glow and warmth reach, cheer, and uplift the humblest citizen. [Applause.]

When American children a century hence shall be led through this hall of fame and ask to know the meaning of these marble figures, their parents must be able to answer, standing before each: "This man was a servant of his fellows. He thought out great things which made life easier for all men and women who came after him;" or "He inscribed laws which lifted burdens from his countrymen;" or "He wrote books which inspired our people and all peoples to higher thinking and better living;" or "He helped to knit the countries of the world in closer brotherhood. And all were defenders of the Nation, whether in study or council or on battlefield; all were lovers of this Republic of free and equal men. All were representative Americans."

These things the fathers and mothers who bring their children here a hundred years from now can say of LEW WALLACE, and that is why Indiana places this image of her son among the Nation's great and illustrious ones. [Applause.] He loved liberty for all men and he fought for it. He worshiped the Nation because of what the American Nation means; and to save the Nation he gladly offered his life on many a battlefield. He suggested laws for the betterment of human conditions. He wrote noble books, one of which, translated into every modern, and even into one oriental tongue, has lifted all the civilized world nearer to the Savior of mankind. He drew closer together our own and alien nations; and with the charm of his genius and the power of his personality he even bewitched the affections of absolutism itself. [Applause.]



LEW WALLACE was an Indianian. Yes; but that is not the reason that Indiana places his statue at the Nation's capital. No; it is because he was a typical American; because he represented those qualities which founded, builded, and saved the Nation. [Applause.] We Indianians pride ourselves that ours is the most national of all the States. When Indiana had only a million inhabitants, we sent almost a quarter of a million men to fight on land and sea for the Nation and for liberty. Considering population and peculiar conditions in certain parts of our State, Indiana sent one fighting man out of every three men, women, and children in the entire Commonwealth to give their lives, if need be, that the Republic might live—a greater proportion of soldiers than Napoleon drew from the homes of France in his last terrible draft upon the human resources of that gallant country. And our soldiers were volunteers. [Applause.]

The people of Indiana are always for the whole American people before they are for themselves; always for the entire country before they are for their own State; or rather, they are for themselves by being for all their countrymen; for their own State by being for the whole broad land. [Applause.] The people of Indiana think in terms of the Nation, which to them means the terms of humanity. [Applause.]

LEW WALLACE was one of these fighting idealists; one of the men whose brain and heart took in the Nation, and therefore took in the hopes and aspirations of the common people of all the world. [Applause.] And what his mind and heart took in, his industry, his courage, and his faith gave forth again in deeds and work. His life bore fruit. The life of no American should be barren of results.

LEW WALLACE in the flesh is gone, but what he did still lives. He marches no more at the head of his soldiers fighting for the Nation and for liberty; but the Nation and liberty still endure,

thanks to such as he and the men who followed him. His golden tongue is forever silent; but the things it spoke for still persist, aye, and grow stronger. [Applause.] His pen is motionless; but it wrote with no fading ink, and his books still enchant and inspire millions of men and women in every land where the Man of Sorrows holds his sway over human hearts and hopes. [Applause.]

So Indiana proudly unveils this statue of LEW WALLACE—soldier and lawgiver, author and idealist, dreamer of beautiful dreams for better things for his fellow-men; and wielder of a sword and pen which helped those dreams come true. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. The present representative of the Government of Turkey will tell you that the people of his country loved LEW WALLACE. I present Rustem Bey.

### Address of Rustem Bey

Mr. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN: As Turkish chargé d'affaires I have been asked to deliver an address in connection with the unveiling of the statue of LEW WALLACE—soldier, author, diplomatist. The reason for this honor done to me is to be found in the last quality of the man whose memory is being perpetuated to-day, a quality he exercised in Constantinople as American representative from 1881 to 1885.

My remarks will be brief. After the comprehensive review of LEW WALLACE's career which has been made by the preceding speakers, it would be entirely superfluous and almost presumptuous for me to embark upon the same subject. But the occasion is a fitting one to speak of Turco-American relations. I am happy to say that these relations have become extremely friendly and cordial. The people of this country realize better

every day that the misdeeds which marked the history of Turkey during the last thirty-five years are traceable to the wickedness and despotic authority of one man, the deposed Sultan. They also realize that the Adana massacres are to be imputed to the evil influence which Yildiz was still in a position to exercise even after the glorious revolution of the 23d of July, 1908, and that they occurred during the week which followed the military revolt that occurred in Constantinople in April last when there was no government in Turkey.

Every race has its dregs. The weakening of public authority, and still more its complete absence, are immediately seized by these unworthy members of every community to perpetrate outrage under the influence of religious, racial, or private passion. Knowing this, you can not hold, as indeed you do not hold, the whole Turkish people accountable for a tragedy, which I myself just called a massacre, but which in reality was a racial war, lasting two weeks, between two Ottoman elements hurled against one another by their passions freed from all administrative control and stimulated by evil agents.

You have learned to be fair to the Turkish people. But though friendly to Turkey the Americans know very little about that country. And yet from every point of view it is extremely interesting. On the other hand, it has been thrown open to study and enterprise by the new régime.

My concluding words on this occasion are therefore that Turkey should be marked out as a field for their respective activities by the American savant and the American man of business. The former will reap a rich harvest in the wonderful libraries attached to the mosques, in the ruins of ancient cities, in the variety of races, tongues, religions, and customs. The latter, the man of business, will derive great profit from assistance given in the development of an immense empire whose wonderful natural resources are still in a virgin state.

Turkey herself will benefit largely by the closer intercourse. Through it she will have been helped to reach a higher standard of civilization and prosperity and she will have acquired a greater share of the esteem of the American people because they will have learned to know her better. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. I have the pleasure to introduce the Honorable Mr. Andrews, Delegate in Congress from New Mexico.

### Address of Honorable W. H. Andrews

Mr. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: From 1878 to 1881 General LEW WALLACE was Governor of the Territory I have the honor to represent in the American Congress. Because of this fact it may not be inappropriate for me to add a few words to the eloquent eulogies already pronounced upon the life, character, and services of this distinguished son of the Hoosier State.

LEW WALLACE was a splendid soldier, but Indiana boasts a long list of those made immortal by their heroism on the fields of strife. He was a distinguished diplomat, but Indiana is proud of many sons who have brought honor to her name by their services in this field of statesmanship. He was a great novelist, but Indiana stands preeminent among the States of the Union in the number and brilliancy of her authors. But in the happy union of all those traits of character essential to success in these many fields of endeavor he stands supreme among the gifted sons of the Hoosier Commonwealth. [Applause.]

His was the genius for action and his was the gift for thought. Alike on the crimson field and in the secluded study his was a master mind; his was the uncommon versatility that enabled him to combine in his own personality all those elements of

greatness that would have distinguished him in any age or among any people. [Applause.]

But in the far-distant future it will be his fame as an author that shines brightest on the page of history. And I deem it all the more fitting that I should here respond to the generous invitation so kindly extended me by the committee having these services in charge, because it was in New Mexico that General WALLACE wrote that masterpiece of all his life's work, *Ben Hur*, the crowning product of a luminous genius. And in the centuries to come wherever men mention the name of the Nazarene they will think of His supreme defender in the field of fiction, and murmur the name of LEW WALLACE, of Indiana. [Applause.]

As Governor of my Territory he ruled wisely and well and was the friend of every man; and so New Mexico, whose people loved him while living among them and who honor and revere his memory now that he is dust, to-day reaches across two-thirds of the Continent, joins hands with Indiana in commemoration of this event, and felicitates her upon her wise selection of LEW WALLACE as the second of her great sons whose sculptured presence she desires to forever adorn this Pantheon of the Republic. [Applause.]

The CHAIRMAN. Benediction will be pronounced by the Reverend Mr. Douglas.

#### **Benediction by Reverend Lloyd Douglas**

Reverend Lloyd Douglas delivered the following benediction:

Our Heavenly Father, we have come here to emulate the gifts and graces of character which Thou didst enshrine in the heart of a great and good man. And as we go forth from this place, may we go with higher ideals and more beautiful

thoughts, living in service of our fellow-men and in love of Thee. And may Thy grace and mercy and peace be upon us all For Jesus' sake. Amen.

The programme of the ceremonies was as follows:

#### PROGRAMME

Captain John P. Megrew, presiding

Invocation . . . . . Reverend George Dudley  
Unveiling . . . . . Lew Wallace, Jr.  
Presentation of statue to the State of Indiana  
on behalf of commission . . . . . William Allen Wood  
Acceptance of statue on behalf of  
Indiana . . . . . Governor Thomas R. Marshall  
Poem . . . . . James Whitcomb Riley  
Addresses—

Honorable Albert J. Beveridge

Mr. A. Rustem

Senator from Indiana

Chargé d'Affaires, Turkish Embassy

Honorable W. H. Andrews

Delegate in Congress from New Mexico

Benediction . . . . .

Reverend Lloyd Douglas

Sculptor: ANDREW O'CONNOR, Paris, France

#### GENERAL LEW WALLACE STATUE COMMISSION

[Appointed by Governor J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana, pursuant to an act of the Indiana Legislature of 1907]

JOHN P. MEGREW  
Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM ALLEN WOOD  
Indianapolis, Indiana

WILLIAM HENRY FOX  
Indianapolis, Indiana

#### RECEPTION COMMITTEE, WALLACE STATUE UNVEILING

Colonel D. M. Ransdell, Chairman

Hon. Jesse Wilson  
Mr. A. W. Tracy  
Mr. C. A. McGonagle  
Mr. F. E. McCalip  
Mr. John W. Holcombe  
Mr. T. A. Bynum  
Mr. W. J. Fowler  
Mr. Horace P. De Hart  
Mr. Thomas L. Jones  
Mr. Lloyd True

Mr. Russell King  
Mr. Raymond D. Dickey  
Captain William S. Armstrong  
Captain Thomas C. Pursel  
Major George Butler  
Mr. George Simmons  
Mr. Charles M. Robinson  
Mr. George Ray  
Mr. Howard F. Kennedy  
Mr. Benjamin F. Cady

*From the address of General Lew Wallace delivered July 4, 1866, at Indianapolis, presenting to Governor Morton the battle flags carried by Indiana regiments during the civil war.*

Three of our regiments took part in the first battle of the war; while another, in view of the Rio Grande, fought its very last battle. The first regiment, under Butler, to land at the wharf at New Orleans was the Twenty-first Indiana. The first flag over the bloody parapet at Fort Wagner, in front of Charleston, was that of the Thirteenth Indiana. The first to show their stars from the embattled crest of Mission Ridge were those of the Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth Indiana. Two of our regiments helped storm Fort McAllister down by Savannah. Another was amongst the first in the assaulting line at Fort Fisher. Another, converted into engineers, built all Sherman's bridges from Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to the sea, and from the sea northward. Another in line of battle on the beach of Hampton Roads, saw the frigate *Cumberland* sink to the harbor's bed rather than strike her flag to the *Merrimac*; and, looking from the same place next day, cheered as never men cheered at the sight of the same *Merrimac* beaten by a single gun in the turret of Worden's little *Monitor*. Others aided in the overthrow of the savages, red and rebel, at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. Three from Washington, across the peninsula, within sight of Richmond evacuated, to Harrison's Landing, followed McClellan to his fathomless fall. Five were engaged in the salvation of Washington at Antietam. Four were with Burnside at Fredericksburg, where some of Kimball's Hoosiers were picked up lying nearer than all others to the pitiless embrasures. Five were at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson took victory out of Hooker's hand and carried it with him to his grave. Six were almost annihilated at Gettysburg. One, an infantry regiment, marched nearly 10,000 miles—literally twice around the rebellion—fighting as it went. Four were part of the besom with which Sheridan swept the Shenandoah Valley. Finally, when Grant, superseding Halleck, transferred his headquarters to the East, and began the last grand march against Richmond, four of our regiments, joined soon after by another, followed him faithfully, leaving their dead all along the way—in the Wilderness, at Laurel Hill, at Spottsylvania, at Po River, at North Anna River, at Bethesda Church, at Cold Harbor, in front of Petersburg, down to Clover Hill—down to the final halt in the war in which Lee yielded up the sword of the rebellion.





Acceptance of  
Statue of  
General Lew Wallace



# PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

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JANUARY 12, 1910.

Mr. BEVERIDGE. Mr. President, I send to the desk and respectfully ask the President to lay before the Senate a letter from the governor of the State of Indiana.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate a communication from the governor of Indiana, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, GOVERNOR'S ROOM,

*Indianapolis, Ind., January 5, 1910.*

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, Washington, District of Columbia.*

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to inform you that the State of Indiana, having heretofore accepted an invitation contained in section 1814 of the Revised Statutes of the United States of America, and having placed in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, District of Columbia, the statue of her illustrious war governor, Oliver P. Morton, the general assembly of said State, by chapter 102 of the acts of 1907, made an appropriation to procure a statue of General LEWIS WALLACE to be placed in said hall. By virtue of said act of the general assembly of Indiana, the governor of said State appointed John P. Megrew, William Allen Wood, and William H. Fox to constitute a commission to procure and have said statue erected. I am informed by the commissioners that the statue was made by Andrew O'Connor, and that it has been duly placed in position and is now ready to be presented to you.

As governor of the State of Indiana, it affords me pleasure to present to the Government of the United States the statue of LEWIS WALLACE, distinguished soldier, statesman, diplomat, and author. Permit me to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. R. MARSHALL,  
*Governor of Indiana.*

Mr. BEVERIDGE. Mr. President, I submit a concurrent resolution and ask for its present consideration.

The Secretary read the concurrent resolution (S. C. Res. 19), as follows:

*Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), That the thanks of Congress be presented to the State of Indiana for providing the statue of General LEWIS WALLACE, a citizen of Indiana, distinguished as a soldier, diplomat, and author; and be it further*

*Resolved, That the statue be accepted and placed in the National Statuary Hall in the Capitol, and that a copy of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be transmitted to the governor of the State of Indiana.*

By unanimous consent, the Senate proceeded to consider the concurrent resolution.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. BEVERIDGE. I ask for the adoption of the concurrent resolution.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the concurrent resolution submitted by the Senator from Indiana [Mr. Beveridge].

The concurrent resolution was unanimously agreed to.

## Address of Mr. Beveridge, of Indiana



MR. PRESIDENT: I rise to move the acceptance by Congress of the statue of one of her great men which Indiana has placed in Statuary Hall. Indiana has heretofore erected in this hall dedicated to representative Americans, the marble presentment of one of the greatest of our countrymen, Oliver P. Morton.

Yesterday we placed by the side of the figure of that titanic mind and lofty character the statue of the man whom Morton himself called his right arm in days when strong right arms were needed to save the American Nation from dismemberment and inglorious death.

Abraham Lincoln said of Oliver P. Morton: "He is the deputy President of the United States for the Mississippi Valley." Oliver P. Morton said of LEW WALLACE: "He is my right arm." The fact that Indiana has selected out of her lawgivers and her warriors these two men is characteristic of Indiana's people, their spirit and their purposes.

For both these men were nationalists above all other things; and Indiana is national above all other things. Both these men focused a lifetime of effort in the terrific years that decided the destiny of the Republic—decided whether the Nation should live or die; whether "the last experiment of freedom" should miserably fail or gloriously succeed.

And during these years Indiana answered that question with more men on battlefield and in ocean conflict than any like number of people so circumstanced ever responded to any call in the history of the world with few exceptions.

If one takes into consideration Indiana's limited population at the outbreak of the war and the situation then existing in parts of the State and all the circumstances at that time so vividly in evidence, the historic fact is that Indiana sent to the front one soldier or sailor out of every three inhabitants—men, women, and children—a larger proportion of men fit for duty than Napoleon compelled to bear arms in his last draft.

The two men whose figures Indiana has placed in Statuary Hall represented the spirit that sent this amazing number of soldiers and sailors to offer their lives to save the Nation. And this, more than any other single fact, constitutes the reason why Indiana out of all her distinguished sons has chosen Oliver P. Morton and LEW WALLACE to be her everlasting representatives in that spot where only the Nation's most representative men are supposed to be eternally enshrined.

Nine years ago, from the same place in which I am now standing, I spoke in behalf of Indiana in moving the acceptance of the statue of Oliver P. Morton. To-day I speak from the same spot in moving the acceptance of the statue of LEW WALLACE.

The Senate of the Nation gladly welcomed the first; the Senate of the Nation will no less gladly welcome the second, for they represent not Indiana only, but the American people also. Both stand for those things for which the American Nation was founded, which the American Nation means in history, and which American character represents.

Both believed in liberty and both strove for it as only the chosen ones have ever striven or can strive.

Both believed in the common people and both devoted their lives to the masses as only men who would be willing to be martyrs, if need be, ever have devoted themselves to the people.

LEW WALLACE was a strange and fateful mingling of dreamer and of warrior, of lawgiver and of writer, of idealist and realist,

of prophet and performer. He was born in 1827; yet, when still a boy, he organized a company for the Mexican War. Inspired by Lincoln's speeches, he foresaw the awful catastrophe which was coming, and in 1856 organized a military company at Crawfordsville, Indiana, drilled them to perfection, and prepared them for the struggle by his now historic remark:

Boys, the time is coming when your services will be needed for the Nation and for liberty.

When the war broke out and Lincoln issued his first call for troops, that company was the first to reach Indianapolis, and this they did within twenty-four hours.

Governor Morton, searching not only for trusted, but for efficient men, made LEW WALLACE his adjutant-general, and WALLACE became the "right arm" of Indiana's great war governor, Indiana's man of iron, who the war governors of all the other States—Andrews, of Massachusetts; Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Ramsey of Minnesota; Yates, of Illinois; and others like them, mighty men all of them—all gladly admitted and proclaimed the chief and leader of their loyal company.

But to be adjutant-general, sending other men to the front, was not enough for LEW WALLACE. It was not enough for Morton, either, and if he had not been governor he would have been one of the great generals whose brains directed and whose loyal hearts forced through the movements of the million troops that saved the Nation.

But WALLACE was not bound by this high and sacred duty of inspiring the people at home to go to the front; of arming and equipping the scores of thousands of the boys whose blood and lives were needed on the Republic's battlefields to save its life; of the thousand other things that made Morton's work so supremely important that Lincoln called him "the Deputy President of the United States for the Mississippi Valley."

And so WALLACE asked to go to the front himself; he asked the proud privilege of offering his own life for the Nation, and reluctantly Morton sent him forth to fight for the Nation and for liberty, to fight for humanity and civilization; and WALLACE went and WALLACE stayed.

From 1861 to 1865 he served the Nation in march, bivouac, on battlefield. Not until the rebellion crumbled to pieces did he quit the armed service of his country.

He was at Romney and at Harpers Ferry; he led a division at Fort Donaldson and at Shiloh; he threw his troops between Cincinnati and Kirby Smith; with less than 6,000 men he prevented General Early, at the head of more than 25,000 men, from capturing Washington by gaining time in battle to enable General Grant to reenforce the defenders of the Nation's capital. He rose by sheer efficiency and gallantry from colonel to brigadier-general and then to major-general of volunteers.

So it was fitting at the close of this horrible, this deplorable conflict, that WALLACE should serve on the court that tried the assassins of President Lincoln; it was fitting that this "right arm" of Morton should be president of the court that convicted Wirz, the commandant of the Andersonville prison. And there his military career closed.

He quit fighting when the war was over, and there again LEW WALLACE was typical of the people of Indiana, who never brawl, and who fight only for the things worth fighting for, and who, for the things worth fighting for, are willing to die.

But when the cause for fighting was over, LEW WALLACE fought no more.

He put aside his sword. He hung up his uniform, decorated with the shoulder straps of honorable distinction, and he became in peace what he had been in war—a lover of his fellow-men and of this Nation that stands for human welfare.



He became a healer of wounds which misguided heroism had made on the Nation's breast.

He went back to his law office at Crawfordsville, but it could not contain or retain the genius whom God had appointed for a more notable purpose. He served his clients faithfully; but his brain was busy with splendid dreams.

And so LEW WALLACE chafed under the duties of his country law office in Crawfordsville. And Grant made him governor of New Mexico. In the slumberous atmosphere of that curious Territory, with the European and almost oriental conditions about him, with the desert sands reminding him of deserted Palestine, LEW WALLACE conceived and partly wrote *Ben Hur*.

This book has been translated into every modern tongue and even into the Japanese. It is the best appreciation of Jesus that ever has been penned by merely mortal and uninspired fingers. Only the all-seeing and all-wise One knows how many millions it has lifted closer to an understanding of and an affection for the Savior of the world.

Thus it was that LEW WALLACE, the soldier of a Nation, became LEW WALLACE, the author for a world.

How curiously fate shapes the mosaic of our lives. We plan our little schemes of life, but a higher designer than we thwarts those plans; and after all is done we see how much wiser than our device is that larger wisdom which shapes our destinies. God always knows what he is about. No man here who has not found that some of his cleverest calculations have been frustrated by events to his own well-being and usefulness.

And so LEW WALLACE, soldier, lawyer, author, was made the Nation's representative at a foreign court. And as he fought on the battlefield, as he wrote in his study, so he wrought as a minister of the Republic. He was assigned to the difficult mission of Turkey; yet he wove the wizardry of his genius so

deftly and so naturally, so simply and so honestly, about and over the court to which he was accredited, that even Abdul Hamid became not merely the sovereign who received him, but his admirer and faithful friend. Only during the ministry of LEW WALLACE at Constantinople was the American Republic ever the first in influence among the powers of the world at the Yildiz Palace.

After all, Mr. President, why are these ceremonies? Why are these statues erected under the Dome of the Nation's Capitol? Is it that we would pay tribute to admirable characters merely? No; for in every city, town, and village and on our far-flung farmland there are characters equally admirable.

The only reason that can inspire any State to choose the men whose names she wishes to immortalize can only be the lasting motive of perpetuating the memory of those who, above their fellows in energy, intellect, and courage have stood for the Nation and all the Nation means.

For, Mr. President, in the last analysis only the Nation is important; and that means that only the whole American people, considered as a family of brothers, is important; and that in turn means that only the sacred ideals for which this banded brotherhood called the American Nation stands are the enduring things—the things worth living for, working for, dying for.

Vast problems lie behind us; but these problems have been solved, although in their day they seemed unsolvable, and nearly every one of them involved the good of all the people as against the selfish interests of a few. Large problems confront us now, and they, too, involve the welfare of all the people as against the selfish interests of a few. And so in the future vast problems lie before us, and they, like those of the past and of the present, are freighted with the same eternal question and conflict.

But as we have answered the challenges of fate in the past, and answered it successfully, to the amazement of the world

and to the confounding of the prophets of our disaster; as we will answer the questions which fate again puts to us to-day; so we will answer every question that fate puts to us in the future.

For liberty, Mr. President, is going to succeed. The Nation will prove itself immortal. Not in vain have philosophers thought and statesmen planned and warriors yielded up their lives for it. The blood that beat in the pulses of Washington and his Continentals, of Jackson and his followers, of Lincoln and those who answered him, still pours through the veins of their sons, and always will.

That blood is not the blood of heroism only. It is also a blood that carries in its every drop the ideas and the ideals on which the Republic was founded, and which, because of their everlasting righteousness and justice, will prevail over all the Nation's foes, foreign and domestic, throughout all the countless ages of the future.

Mr. President, it is a truism that only that thing which is right can endure. Against it you may form your combinations in politics; against it you may amass the organized wealth of the world; against it you may even marshal enormous armies, unpark countless batteries, hurl millions of bayonets; yet truth and justice will defeat you in the end, even though only a single man at the beginning stands for them. Always it has been so; always it will be. Lowell was inspired when he said:

Right forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne,  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow  
Keeping watch above His own.

And to work out His great and eternal purposes, hurl wrong from the throne and rescue right from the scaffolds of the world, God always finds His agents in His own good time. Whether it

be a Gideon or a Cromwell, whether it be a Moses or a Washington, whether it be His own Holy Son, or whether it be that great American, so curiously patterned upon the character of the man of sorrows, Abraham Lincoln—whoever it may be, great or humble, the man is always ready when the Divine call comes. And no matter how weak the cause of righteousness at first may seem, yet finally the millions rally to it and carry it to victory in the end.

So, Mr. President, Indiana presents these two men, Morton and WALLACE. They were of the quality of the heroes, the statesmen, and the prophets of mankind; and Indiana, out of all her people, has proudly chosen them to represent her forever in the hall of the Nation's immortals.

## Address of Mr. Shively, of Indiana



MR. PRESIDENT: My colleague [Mr. BEVERIDGE] has well and amply emphasized the character and career of General LEW WALLACE as soldier and author. My brief comments go to a glance at the principles underlying our diplomatic service and the connection of this distinguished Indianian with that service.

The history of the foreign relations of the United States is interesting and instructive. The genesis of these relations roots back into a period of revolution. The generation of men who established the new Republic had written interrogation points over against many old dogmas, old pretensions, old institutions, and required them to show their right to survive. Diplomacy had been, in the main, a system of war in which cunning, craft, deceit, intrigue, chicane were the weapons. He was esteemed the superior diplomat who was most proficient in the art of deceiving and overreaching his adversary.

Like many other idols of misused power, this system passed under the rod of the general inquisition. It was rejected, cast down, and melted away in the flame of the revolution. One of the great founders of the Republic said, "True government is the art of being honest." None knew better than he that the essential functions of good government are few and simple, and that the greatest task confronting the best government is resistance to that selfish greed and ambition which forever lurk in the shadows of its power and seek to pervert its functions to private and unworthy ends. Nor none knew better than he that

the same principles of conduct that make good neighborhood among individuals make for peace, order, mutual confidence, and good will among nations.

Under the administration of President Washington, Thomas Jefferson, as Secretary of State, promptly discarded the petty artifices and little expedients then current in diplomacy. Openness, sincerity, frankness, candor, and good faith were made the characteristics of our foreign policy. The initial lines of that policy were cast on a plane higher than ever had been reached before in the history of nations. It was a policy becoming a country which had withdrawn sovereignty from kings and reposed it on the bosom of a free people. Afterwards, as President, Jefferson summarized the whole doctrine in the familiar words, "Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." Such was the new foreign policy and our diplomacy under it. In this, as in many other things, the excellence of the work of the fathers, like that of the sculptor, appears quite as much in what was chiseled away as in what remains.

This policy admits no double standard of diplomacy. It allows no accents of truculent menace toward the weak and helpless, nor whispering sycophancy toward the great and powerful. Its simplicity, impartiality, and justice make its dignity and its strength. The standard thus erected at the beginning, as a rule, has been well maintained. Departures, if such there have been, have only served to mark how easy the unwholesome descent, and to admonish to a speedy return into the whiter light of a noble and entirely practical ideal.

Time will not permit a call of the roll of the great Americans whose shining talents and rugged worth have adorned the diplomatic service of their country. Suffice it to say that in that company of rare spirits, and well in the front rank, appears the stately figure of LEW WALLACE.

General WALLACE had been tendered other positions as representative of our Government at foreign courts, and declined them. When his former associate and friend, President Garfield, urged upon him the mission to the court of the Sublime Porte, he accepted. The President had read and commended with unmixed praise his friend's great masterpiece. When the commission arrived the words "Ben Hur" appeared on its face, subscribed with the initials of the President's name. It is easily conceivable that the proffered position possessed for WALLACE peculiar attractions. It would carry him far toward that ever-interesting and to him the yet unseen land which he had painted with such singular fidelity and peopled with the creatures of his splendid genius. It would bear him into the twilight of those scenes by which his magic pen enthralled the reading world with an almost painful fascination.

In his natural strength of mind and character, his legal training, his experience as a soldier, his record as territorial governor, his attainments as a scholar, his success as an author, and, added to all these, his oriental grace and courtesy of personal manner, General WALLACE was faultlessly equipped for the diplomatic service. In that service he was always equal to expectation, never fell below it, and whenever occasion required the exertion of his talents easily rose above it. With courage and dignity he enforced the rights and protected the interests of his country and countrymen. And such was the influence of his character, that he was able to, and frequently did, effectually use his kind offices for relief of the unfortunate subjects of other governments who had fallen under the displeasure of the Ottoman power. He was a finished diplomat. He was a successful diplomat. In this capacity, as in others, General WALLACE reflected credit over the whole country, and brought especial and peculiar credit to the State of Indiana.





# PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

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FEBRUARY 26, 1910.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Crumpacker, by unanimous consent, *Resolved*, That exercises appropriate to the acceptance from the State of Indiana of the statue of General LEW WALLACE, erected in Statuary Hall in the Capitol, be made the special order for Saturday, February 26, 1910, after the conclusion of the routine morning business.

The SPEAKER. Under the special order, the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Crumpacker] will be recognized, and the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Barnard] will take the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

Mr. CRUMPACKER. Mr. Speaker, I send to the Clerk's desk a letter from the governor of the State of Indiana, which I ask to have read.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Barnard). The gentleman from Indiana sends to the Clerk's desk a letter, which will be read by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
GOVERNOR'S ROOM,  
*Indianapolis, Ind., January 5, 1910.*

*To the Senate and House of Representatives  
of the United States, Washington, D. C.:*

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to inform you that the State of Indiana, having heretofore accepted an invitation contained in section 1814 of the Revised Statutes of the United States of America, and having placed in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., the statue of her illustrious war governor, Oliver P. Morton, the general assembly of said State,

by chapter 102 of the acts of 1907, made an appropriation to procure a statue of General LEWIS WALLACE to be placed in said hall. By virtue of said act of the general assembly of Indiana the governor of said State appointed John P. Megrew, William Allen Wood, and William H. Fox to constitute a commission to procure and have said statue erected. I am informed by the commissioners that the statue was made by Andrew O'Connor and that it has been duly placed in position and is now ready to be presented to you.

As governor of the State of Indiana it affords me pleasure to present to the Government of the United States the statue of LEWIS WALLACE, distinguished soldier, statesman, diplomat, and author. Permit me to subscribe myself.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS R. MARSHALL,  
*Governor of Indiana.*

Mr. CRUMPACKER. Mr. Speaker, I call up for consideration Senate concurrent resolution 19, and ask that it be reported by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved by the Senate (the House of Representatives concurring), That the thanks of Congress be presented to the State of Indiana for providing the statue of General LEWIS WALLACE, a citizen of Indiana, distinguished as a soldier, diplomat, and author; and be it further*

*Resolved, That the statue be accepted and placed in the National Statuary Hall in the Capitol, and that a copy of these resolutions, duly authenticated, be transmitted to the governor of the State of Indiana.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair understands that this resolution was before the Committee on the Library, and without objection that committee will be discharged from the further consideration of it, and it will be considered by the House. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. CRUMPACKER. I move now, Mr. Speaker, that the Senate concurrent resolution 19 be agreed to.

The question was taken, and the resolution was agreed to.

## Address of Mr. Crumpacker, of Indiana



MR. SPEAKER: The State of Indiana honors both herself and the Nation in selecting from among her distinguished dead General LEW WALLACE, whose pulseless counterpart has been placed in Statuary Hall—the Pantheon of the Republic—as a representative of that which is highest and noblest in American life. General WALLACE was born in Brookville, in Franklin County, Indiana, on the 10th day of April, 1827, and he died in Crawfordsville, in his native State, on the 15th day of February, 1905. Indiana was in the twelfth year of her statehood at the time of his birth, with a small and sparsely distributed population. He was the second son of David and Esther Test Wallace, who were pioneers in the young State and who contributed greatly toward the development of its rich resources. David Wallace was educated at the Military Academy at West Point through the favor of Gen. William Henry Harrison, and after completing the course in that institution he gave up arms and entered the profession of the law. He served in the Indiana state legislature three terms, was lieutenant-governor of the State two terms, and was Governor of the State one term. He was a member of this body for one term, and was defeated for reelection upon an issue that illustrates the incredulity of the public mind at that time respecting the practical value of electricity as a means of communicating intelligence. A measure was introduced providing for an appropriation of \$30,000 to aid Professor Morse in establishing a telegraph line from Washington

to Baltimore with the view of testing the utility and practicability of the telegraph, and it was referred to a special committee of five, of which Governor Wallace was a member. The committee made a favorable report and Congress made the appropriation, and the line was constructed. Governor Wallace's opponent in his campaign for reelection made the Morse telegraph the paramount issue of the contest. The voters of the district were persuaded to believe that telegraphy was a contrivance of the "evil one," a species of witchcraft to be shunned and condemned by all God-fearing people, and Governor Wallace was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

General LEW WALLACE educated himself for the law, and was engaged in the practice at Indianapolis when the Mexican war came upon the country. The quota of Indiana under the first call of President Polk for volunteers was three regiments, and the young lawyer at once closed his office and began campaigning for recruits. The three regiments were quickly organized and set off for the field of action, WALLACE carrying a commission as second lieutenant in the First Regiment. That regiment was assigned to guard duty chiefly and took no part in any serious engagement. The Second and Third Indiana regiments participated in the desperate battle of Buena Vista, where the Mexicans under command of Santa Anna were defeated, although they outnumbered the Americans over 5 to 1.

The Second Indiana Regiment was assigned a position in defense of a battery which provoked a furious attack from the Mexicans, in overwhelming numbers, and while the regiment was gallantly maintaining its position under a galling fire, its colonel, in the belief that the battery had fallen back, when in fact it had advanced, ordered his regiment to "cease firing and retreat." The regiment retreated in disorder and did not further participate in the battle as an organization, but prac-

tically all of its survivors at once joined other regiments and bravely fought to the end of the bloody conflict. In his official report of the battle, General Zachary Taylor, who was in command of the American forces, placed the stigma of cowardice upon the Second Indiana Regiment, and in the light of events that clearly showed its injustice, he stubbornly refused to remove it. That aspersion was keenly felt and righteously condemned by all Indiana soldiers as a cruel injustice. General WALLACE made a careful investigation of the facts at the time, and they clearly showed that there was no braver organization on the field than the Second Indiana Regiment. It entered into the conflict with only 360 men in line, and its losses in killed and wounded were 107, about 30 per cent of its entire active force. There was only one other regiment in the engagement whose losses were as great.

General WALLACE was intense in his nature, and he had a passion for justice. He never forgave General Taylor for the flagrant wrong he did the Indiana soldiers at Buena Vista. His father belonged to the Whig party and General WALLACE's inclinations were to that party, but when General Taylor was the Whig candidate for President in 1848, he not only refused to support him, but went into the campaign actively against his election, and while Taylor was elected, he felt much satisfaction in the fact that the electoral vote of Indiana was cast for Lewis Cass, General Taylor's Democratic opponent. General WALLACE affiliated with the Democratic party from that time until the civil war. It would be unjust to his high character and patriotism to say that he became a Democrat through his dislike of General Taylor.

During the exciting political decade beginning with 1850, with its intense and acrimonious controversies in the federal legislative forum, General WALLACE was associated with such

conspicuous party leaders at Jesse D. Bright, Ashbel P. Willard, Thomas A. Hendricks, and Joseph E. McDonald. On the slavery question he was a constitutionalist and a supporter of Stephen A. Douglas's doctrine of "squatter sovereignty." He supported Douglas for the presidency in 1860, but after the beginning of the civil war he became a Republican and acted with that party in the main until his death. In 1860 party politics became largely a matter of latitude, and it has remained so, more or less, ever since.

General WALLACE was not a politician in the common understanding of that term, although he was more or less active in every political campaign. He regarded party organizations as mere agencies to promote the common good, and he never defended or apologized for wrong for party's sake. He was thoroughly democratic in spirit. His political creed was that the chief duty of government is to secure to every citizen, without regard to birth or color, rank or fortune, an equal opportunity with every other citizen in the exercise of those fundamental rights and privileges that are necessary to the highest and best use of the talents committed to his keeping, be they many or few. He was passionately devoted to the Government and the maintenance of law, and yet he believed that every individual was endowed with those inalienable rights that were necessary to the fulfillment of that destiny appointed to him by Almighty God, and that it was as great a wrong for the Government itself to invade those primary rights as it was for an individual or a combination of individuals to do so.

When fraternal ties were sundered with sectional discord and civil war burst upon this fair land with cataclysmal fury General WALLACE was one of the first to offer his services in defense of the Union. He was engaged in the trial of a case in court at Frankfort, Ind., when he received a telegram from Governor Morton that Fort Sumter had been fired upon by

foes of the Union, asking him to come to Indianapolis at once. He arranged with his associate counsel to assume sole charge of the case, and he took the first train to the State capital and reported to the governor for duty. He was commissioned Colonel of the Eleventh Indiana Infantry, organized under President Lincoln's first call for volunteers, and was assigned to service in Maryland and Virginia. His regiment rendered conspicuous service under its first enlistment, although it was only of three months' duration.

General WALLACE had a natural aptitude for the field; he possessed all the qualities for successful military leadership. He was methodical, aggressive, courageous, and discreet. He appreciated the value of discipline and all things that made for the comfort and efficiency of his command. He possessed the rare quality of being able to attract and hold the confidence and affection of his army.

At the termination of its three months' enlistment the Eleventh Indiana Regiment reorganized and reentered the service for a period of three years, with Colonel WALLACE at its head. It was assigned to duty in the Southwest, and was in the campaign to open communication on the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and participated in the capture of Fort Donaldson. Colonel WALLACE was commissioned a brigadier-general of United States Volunteers on the 3d of September, 1861, and in March, 1862, he received his commission as major-general of United States Volunteers. He was in command of a division in General Grant's army at the battle of Shiloh. He had been stationed at Crumps Landing, on the Tennessee River, about 6 miles north of Pittsburg Landing, for several weeks before the battle, expecting an order to move on the enemy at Corinth. The confederate forces, under command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, moved from Corinth in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, where the bulk of the Union Army was in camp, and

opened attack early on Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. General WALLACE was apprised of the battle by the incessant firing of artillery and put his brigade in condition to move, and eagerly awaited orders from the commanding general. He waited impatiently until about 10 o'clock, and then decided to move on his own order. Between Crumps Landing and Pittsburg Landing ran Snake Creek, upon each side of which was a large expanse of low marsh or quagmire, exceedingly difficult to cross. There were only two accessible bridges across Snake Creek over which the army could march with its artillery, and General WALLACE decided to take the west one, because of the condition of the road. His army was well under way, when he was overtaken by an aide from General Grant's staff, with an oral order to retrace and approach Pittsburg Landing via the east road. By the time the army could turn back and traverse the 6 miles of swamp and quagmire over the east road it was nightfall and hostilities were suspended. General WALLACE's division had no participation in the battle on the first day, but on the second and decisive day of the contest his division was actively engaged and performed valiant service.

Much has been said and written in criticism of the Union forces on the first day of that battle, and attempts have been made to involve General WALLACE in culpability for his failure to reach the scene of action in time to engage in the first day's conflict. There was much confusion and lack of systematic execution on the first day of the battle, but certain it is that General WALLACE was absolutely without blame or responsibility for his failure to arrive earlier. His own disappointment, though entirely free from self-reproach, was deep and lasting.

He was afterwards put in charge of the defense of Cincinnati at a time when that city was without protection and was threatened by a large force of confederates. In that work his capacity for organizing and executing plans of defense on a large scale and upon short notice was amply demonstrated.



His most important command was of the Eighth Army Corps, with headquarters at Baltimore, which was given him March 12, 1864. In July, 1864, a large command of confederates, hearing that Washington was inadequately defended, contemplated an attack upon the city before provision could be made for its protection. General WALLACE surmised the purpose of the enemy and confronted them with a small army made up largely of inexperienced men, at Monocacy Junction, where he made such a stubborn resistance as to delay the progress of the confederates until General Grant could send an adequate force to protect the capital. General WALLACE's plan of action at Monocacy was admirably conceived and faultlessly executed.

He was a member of the military commission that tried and condemned David E. Herold, Mary E. Surratt, and others for conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln, Vice-President Johnson, and certain Cabinet officers. He was president of the commission that tried and condemned Captain Henry Wirz, of the confederate army, who was in charge of the military prison at Andersonville, for cruel and barbarous treatment of Union soldiers who were prisoners in his charge. There are many now who feel that those convictions were the result of an abnormally excited condition of public feeling, as a sequel to the four tragic years of internecine conflict; but General WALLACE, who brought to those investigations his training and experience as a lawyer, carried to the end of life an abiding belief that the judgments of the commissions were just and altogether righteous.

General WALLACE resigned his commission in the army in September, 1865, and after spending some time in Mexico he returned to his home in Crawfordsville.

In 1878 he was appointed Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, which position he occupied for about two years. In 1881 President Garfield appointed him minister to Turkey, and

he remained at that post for four years. It is doubtful if any minister ever discharged the delicate duties of that position with greater ability than he did. Sultan Abdul Hamid at once became his warm personal friend, and the attachment continued during his entire service at that Moslem court. When General WALLACE's service was terminated and he presented his letter of recall, the Sultan said:

It is my wish to have the letter unceremoniously, for you must understand I regard you as more than a minister. Since I have been on the throne no foreigner has come to me officially, or in private capacity, for whom I have had the friendship I have for you.

Notwithstanding the strong personal attachment between the Sultan and General WALLACE, he gave scrupulous regard to the interests of the great Republic whose honor and welfare he was charged to uphold.

General WALLACE was educated for the law and was in the practice for several years, yet he did not achieve high eminence in that profession because he thoroughly disliked it. To use his own words, he regarded it as a "detestable business." The bickerings of the forum, disclosing, as a rule, the ugly, uncandid side of human nature, were peculiarly distasteful to him. His aspiration was to live above those ill-tempered controversies so common in the courts, where he might be able to reach the highest and best in life and promote a closer fellowship among mankind. While he achieved great prominence as a soldier and a diplomat, his tastes and talents found more congenial employment in the domain of letters. From his early youth he evinced a marked preference for literature, sometimes, at the expense of other branches of learning. His first important literary production was *The Fair God*. He began the preparation of that great historical novel in 1849 and had it published in 1873. That book met with high favor in the literary world and became immensely popular with all

English-speaking people. Among many voluntary tributes to the merit of the book, I quote a letter from Sir Charles W. Dilke to Lord Dufferin:

NOVEMBER 25, 1881.

MY DEAR LORD DUFFERIN: I was very sorry to miss General LEW WALLACE, and, not having his address in London, not to be able to write to him. His *The Fair God* is, in my humble estimation, the best historical novel that ever was written; better than *Romola*, better than *Rienzi*, better than *Old Mortality*.

Yours, ever sincerely,

CHARLES W. DILKE.

While Governor of New Mexico he entered upon the preparation of that sacred novel that appealed so powerfully to the popular taste and challenged the admiration of the critics—*Ben Hur*; *A Tale of the Christ*. [Applause.] He wrote that marvelous book without having visited Palestine, but depended for its setting upon his knowledge of history, geography, and, most of all, his deep insight into the life of the Savior, gotten from a study of the four Gospels. It was at once the most sublime and the most happily executed literary creation of the century. It carried fiction into a field that had remained fallow for centuries on account of its sacredness. The rare discrimination and reverential delicacy with which the subject was treated brings no offense to the most refined spiritual nature nor the highest standard of literary taste. It is a masterpiece of composition and construction, judged purely from a literary standpoint. Its antitheses of spirituality and worldliness, its climaxes of beauty and eloquence, its purity and grace of diction delight the purest taste. But its strength and charm are powerfully enhanced by the subtlety with which it weaves into a complete fabric the purest love and the highest hope of the human soul. Its appeal to all that is tender and sacred in the religious life is simply irresistible. It is a book of the man as well as the scholar. It has been translated into 11 languages, and its popularity is not confined to the Christian civilization. To have been the author of

that great work is a crown of glory as enduring as human civilization. We may do homage to the life and character of General WALLACE by our memorials and statues, but Ben Hur will live long after our granite and marble shall have crumbled into dust. [Applause.]

General WALLACE had little respect for religious dogma, ceremony, or ritualism, but he was a Christian in the broad sense that he lived the great truths of the Christian faith and philosophy. He absorbed them into his being and translated them into acts and deeds of Christian love and fellowship. The poet says:

The evil men do lives after them, but the good is oft interred with their bones.

That line is half truth and half error. No man ever lived who did not leave behind him an influence, good or bad, that will abide to the end of time.

The moving finger writes, and, having writ,  
Moves on; nor all their piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all their tears wash out a word of it.

The good men do never dies. The virtues of our time are the sum of the good impulses and noble deeds of the nameless millions that have gone before us. They are the soul of our civilization, and that soul will be perfected and glorified by the sum of the good impulses and noble deeds of the countless millions that are to come. General WALLACE's spirit is immortal in a double sense. He contributed much toward making life better, richer, and happier. His great influence was and is and always will be on the side of the good and the true. His life was a benediction, his death was a triumph. He did much to hasten the realization of the angel song to the humble shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem:

Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will toward men.

[Applause.]

## Address of Mr. Barnhart, of Indiana.



MR. SPEAKER: It is a glorious privilege and a distinguished honor to stand in this Capitol, a representative of the people of this great Nation, and assist in the formal acceptance by our country of the statue donated by my home State of Indiana to perpetuate the conspicuous individuality of one of her most illustrious sons in the world-renowned Hall of Fame.

To those of us, his neighbors, who knew General LEW WALLACE and who have watched with unspeakable pride the growth of his fame to world-wide grandeur this memorial in perishable marble seems commonplace, for we know that the name of this celebrated soldier, diplomat, and author is written on the hearts of his countrymen, never to be effaced. And while it is said of him that he was great in war and profound in statecraft, the world would have had but passive peans of praise for him except for the beacon light he gave to mankind in his story of the Christ.

Others may eulogize his achievements as warrior and political strategist, but I want to cite to you the glories of his home life and the triumphs of his scholastic genius. General WALLACE was born under favorable circumstances, and casually embraced his opportunities for culture. The son of one of Indiana's early governors, he traces his ancestry through distinguished Anglo-Saxon blood. His grandfather was a close personal friend of General William Henry Harrison and his grandmother was a niece of the great sea captain, John Paul Jones. His father was a West Point graduate, a professor of

mathematics in that splendid institution, and later a leading factor in public affairs of Indiana, having been its lieutenant-governor twice and its governor once. He was also a man of enthusiastic literary inclinations, being richly talented in book lore and an eloquent orator.

Being a student and scholar himself, Governor Wallace was ambitious to have his son LEW equipped with a classical education; but in this he achieved only a modest degree of accomplishment. When his father became governor, LEW WALLACE was a lad of only 10 summers. At this age Gustavus Adolphus had reached the council chamber, Horace Greeley was a student of the Bible and had read every paragraph of it, and Edward Everett Hale was a marvel in his familiarity with books. But, according to approved biography, at this age LEW WALLACE had won no distinction, shown no inclination to become anything beyond a careless, dashing youth, with no apparent conception of the larger meaning of life. He loved a gun and to hunt and fish; and to exploit the perilous seemed his major bent. Could such a boy be resigned to student life? Not of the formal, methodical kind. But he loved good books, and his absence from school was frequently attributable to his having stolen away to some secluded spot to delve in the enchanting pages of a classic volume. See that boy stretched in the shade of a forest tree, his eyes fastened on the pages of a book, his gun lying at his side, and you behold a prophetic vision of a soldier-author of the future.

Being compelled to make his own way at 16 years of age, because he would not take the educational course prescribed by an ambitious father, young WALLACE suddenly realized the stern necessities of life. He found employment as an office clerk and "made good." He increased his scope of knowledge by night study, and at the age of 19 he had read every book in his father's

library—700 standard works. His school days had furnished him with but the rudiments of an education, and his clerical work taxed his energies, but his desire for knowledge was such that, to use his own words, “I persisted to such an extent that the dawn often stole through my window and found me over my books.”

With this equipment of knowledge and inclination to participate in military offense and defense, LEW WALLACE entered manhood's estate and gradually rose to general, lawyer, author, and diplomat. After heroic careers in the Mexican and civil wars, he resumed the practice of law at his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana; but his love of art and his literary propensity outstripped his professional zeal, and in 1873 he came into prominence as an author and sculptor, and his first book, *The Fair God*, was published. From this time on success favored this man of ultimate greatness, but it did not come without persevering exercise of rare will power. Speaking of his change from careless boyhood to a determination to make a success of life, General WALLACE said to an admiring young friend who had called to learn of him:

I had to almost change my nature; all the loose habits had to be crushed out. A man can apply himself to anything if he has a certain fund of will. By a persevering effort he can discipline himself to a task which is in the beginning most laborious and disagreeable until it becomes a real pleasure. The secret of success is work! work! work!

It takes work—

He repeated, pointing to a manuscript which had just been completed—

For instance, here are nine closely written pages which I have finished rewriting for the seventh time.

In 1878 General WALLACE was made territorial governor of New Mexico, and in 1880 *Ben Hur; A Tale of the Christ*, appeared. The scene was laid in the East and displayed such a knowledge of the manners and customs of that country and

people that General Garfield—that year elected President—considered its author a fitting person for the Turkish ministry, and accordingly, in 1881, he was appointed to that position. It is said that when President Garfield gave General WALLACE his appointment he wrote the words “Ben Hur” across the corner of the document, and as WALLACE was coming away from his visit of acknowledgment at the White House the President put his arm over his friend’s shoulder and said:

I expect another book out of you. Your duties will not be too onerous to allow you to write it. Locate the scene in Constantinople.

This suggestion was, no doubt, General WALLACE’S reason for writing *The Prince of India*, which was published in 1890.

However, of all his literary work, in *Ben Hur*, he reached the zenith of his fame, the triumph of his genius. Upon the windows of a publishing house in one of our great American cities, the passer-by may read the words: “Books are the only things that live forever.” That is a noble sentiment, though but a partial truth. Books do live forever—that is, some books. And so do folks—that is, some folks. There is an earthly immortality. George Eliot writes of—

The choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man’s search  
To vaster issues.

Thought is immortal. It can no more be buried than it can be burned or hanged. What better fame then, what more enduring monument can a man have than he has whose thoughts live after him, whose words are lifted up like banners to call humanity to worthier living? There is also a reflected immortality for the man who makes it his ministry on earth to search out the best thoughts of others and give them to the race.



And so Ben Hur reflects the aggressive concept, the dramatic splendor, and the sacred trend of LEW WALLACE'S life standard. In this, he gave color to his admiration for conquest in the "chariot race;" to his dramatic art in the thrilling triumph of the "galley slave;" and to his religious fervor in the "Prayer of the Wandering Jew," in which he graphically depicts the surrender of a soul in these words:

God of Israel—my God! These about me, my fellow-creatures, pray Thee in the hope of life. I pray Thee in the hope of death. I have come up from the sea, and the end was not there; now I will go into the desert in search of it. Or if I must live, Lord, give me the happiness there is in serving Thee.

Thou hast need of instruments of good; let me henceforth be one of them, that by working for Thy honor I may at last enjoy the peace of the blessed. Amen.

Perhaps no writer of modern times gained so wide a reputation on so few books or began his literary career so late in life as did the author of Ben Hur. Moreover, no other writer so suddenly leaped into such fame as to at once class him among the literati of the world, with such masters of wholesome fiction as William Dean Howells, James Fenimore Cooper, Edward Eggleston, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Edward Everett Hale, the typical novelists of America. He fixed his high rank in the galaxy of world-famed authors at a single show of talent, and his name is written there for all time.

So much for his wonderful accomplishments. But here, sirs, I ask you to turn with me to the supreme test of man's greatness—his home life. Some one has truly said that the place to take the true measure of a man is not the market place nor the amen corner, not the study nor the field, not the office nor the shop, but at his own fireside. [Applause.] There man lays aside his mask, and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, a king or a knave, a hero or a humbug. Care not what the world says of a man, whether it crown him with

bays or pelt him with eggs; care never a copper what his reputation or religion may be; if his babes dread his home-coming and his wife swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for help, that man is a fraud, even though he prays night and morning until he is red in the face and shouts hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills. [Applause.] But if children rush to open the front gate to meet him, and love's own sunshine illumines the face of his wife when she hears his footsteps, he is true gold, for his home is a heaven, and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne.

General WALLACE was not an amiable man in the popular conception of the term. His was a character of distinguished dignity in public, made so, no doubt, by his military training and his devotion to close friends and to books; and yet, to those who enjoyed the good fortune of intimate friendship with him, he was a most hospitable soul and interesting character. Not only did he read and write, but he was a musician and artist, and his collection of violins and his own paintings are among the most treasured legacies he left to his family.

And if you will indulge me a personal reference I will give you an insight into his gracious and generous heart, instances of his admiration of children and his concern for ambitious youth. Once when I called on him at his inviting home, where he spent most of his days either in the glow of his family fire-side, in his quaint but imposing study, or 'neath the shade of the primeval beech trees of his six-odd acres of picturesque lawn, he left me to amuse myself while he entertained my two youthful descendants by spending so much time in showing them his collection of war and other curios, his books, his paintings, and so forth, that time of departure came and my share in the visit consisted only of a cordial greeting and a farewell salute.

Again, an ambitious Wabash College student of my intimate acquaintance, who had high ideals, sought out General WALLACE

at his home to learn of him in conjunction with his scholastic endeavor. He was not disappointed. The General at once welcomed him to use of his books, and spent hours with him in discussing the problems of the age and the philosophy of life. And by this mutual young friend I was given a word picture of General WALLACE's home life that entitles him to greater honor than he ever achieved on field of battle or in the world of letters. It was a sketch of devotion and mutual inspiration of a loving and cultured wife and a great man. Mrs. Wallace was a woman of becoming dignity and rare intellectual gifts. Herself an author, it is known that she aided the General materially in his literary work. She was generous and kind, and directed many charities, quietly and unknown to the world, and gave much of her time and talent to glorifying the cause of her religion. He was constantly her companion and her comfort, and so the home life of these two was ideal. Alike in their tastes and with superior poise, their kindred souls became so much entwined that after the General's death his wife pined away in desolate loneliness for a few short months and then followed him joyously—beloved helpmeet in life, soul mate in death. [Applause.]

To the believer that environment shapes destiny the life of WALLACE furnishes an impressive demonstration. Surrounded with classical books and official atmosphere in youth, blessed with the early and lasting companionship of a cultured and Christian wife, drilled in the school of military experience, favored with responsibility in the world court of diplomacy, and ever inspired by the wholesome habitation of a poetic home, LEW WALLACE became great as a matter of course. His inviting fireside and his storehouse of knowledge furnished the sturdy foundation for culture, and the wide expanse of nature, beauty, and artistic handiwork about him inspired dramatic finish. His mind developed by practical endeavor and philosophic

research, his heart content with home, sweet home, and his artistic tastes enriched by environ of gigantic beech forest trees, with their sweeping branches "festooning earth and sky," and his study touched with a quaint clear pool fed by a trout stocked stream, what more could mortal need to lift him to loftiest realms of scholastic dreams? Did he tire of the study, he betook himself with tablet and pencil to an easy chair in the shade of a historic tree. Did he tire of writing, he stood on the balcony of his study with rod and reel and cast his baited hook to the shy trout or the game bass hiding in the moss-covered rocks below.

Such were the surroundings of the beautiful home life and the splendid career of him whom our country commemorates by this statue placed here among those of America's most illustrious sons. And yet it is said of him that, like all of us, he was not satisfied with his achievements. But such is life—yearning, yearning, yearning! Wealth does not satisfy, fame does not satisfy, literary attainment does not satisfy, travel does not satisfy, and home and family and friends do not satisfy. Nothing suffices for the heart's longing except the consolation furnished by the world's masterpiece of philosophy—the Book of Life, the inspiration of the ennobling narrative of Ben Hur; A Tale of the Christ.

May the memory of LEW WALLACE, Indiana's illustrious author, outlive this durable cast as love survives mortality, and may the creative influence that gave the world such authorship and citizenship as his endure forever! [Applause.]

## Address of Mr. Cline, of Indiana



MR. SPEAKER: The historian will write in his book after a while that LEW WALLACE is entitled to a place in history because he was a great author and a wise diplomat. He was a soldier, too, but his superiority as a military strategist was not so marked, because, possibly, he did not have the opportunity to show it.

Two elements enter prominently into every man's success—singleness of purpose and constancy of effort; a clear, rational, and intelligent selection of a purpose in life to be accomplished, one in harmony with your trend, one that appeals to your earnest efforts, and then that constant, unceasing, tireless task to realize your hopes and see the fruit of your ambition.

Every man, high or low, exalted or debased, living in the lap of luxury or in the poorest penury, has an ideal and seeks its inspiration. You like an ideal in every walk and profession of life, and you have always been touched with the fitful splendor of an ideal life, an ideal condition, and in proportion as your ideal is lofty and high so will you sacrifice largely to accomplish that ideal condition.

Carlyle said: "God makes a man and steps over centuries to make another." There is but one Homer, one Jesus Christ, one Shakespeare, one Washington, but he makes these evidences of His power to illustrate the possibilities of the race. [Applause.] In the knowledge of Homer, the absolutely perfect life of the Nazarene, in the marvelous conceptions of Shakespeare, in the statesmanship of Washington, the whole human race may find

a high ideal. The whole trend of consciousness is toward that ideal condition. [Applause.]

WALLACE was a threefold man—a diplomat, an author, and a soldier. So far as our diplomatic and consular service goes, we are in the infancy of what we may accomplish. The particular field of our diplomacy and consular service lies in establishing those friendly relations, socially and commercially, that the prominence of the United States as a world power commands.

For many years we penalized our foreign trade by vicious legislation. Our foreign commerce was a commercial piracy, snatching from the counters of the world's trade centers a little here and a little there and scurrying to cover under a high protective tariff law, and this continued to be so till that "Plumed Knight from Maine," than whom none greater ever rose in his party except the immortal Lincoln, learned the truth that Washington uttered in his farewell address, that our commerce could not grow except we were fair in our foreign relations. He declared that it was only through the doctrine of reciprocal trade relationship that we could permanently increase our foreign trade; that reciprocity would open to us the closed door for trade.

WALLACE was sent to Turkey, a people whose name was a hiss word and whose inhuman history was despised by the civilized world. But the tact and genius of that man, with a knowledge of our superiority in the world's affairs and of what we are yet to be, established a bond of friendship and respect for us through his official relationship that can not be broken. Through the influence of WALLACE, and directly attributable to his influence as an official of the Government, we have increased our trade with Turkey in the last four years more than 100 per cent. Turkey learned from WALLACE that the United States was her friend and sought to help her and

her people, but, like a parent with a child, we would not suffer her to slay the innocent or commit crimes repugnant to an enlightened people without our reproof. More than once she has heeded our admonition.

As an author, the production of *Ben Hur* places WALLACE in the class with Milton and Victor Hugo. The profundity of feeling, the sweep of his imagination, the comprehensive mental grasp exhibited in the story of the Christ gives it an ever-rising tide of moral worth. The influence of the age in which the story is laid, the environment, the stupendous event of the whole history of man unfolded, lent to him forces which only a WALLACE could mold to his account in that marvelous production. What man may not be crowned as a successful man whose thoughts permeate the manners, customs, and lives of the under races of the world and shape them for the better, not for a day, but for ages to come. Into his diplomacy and the story of the Christ WALLACE flung his whole life till they were finished. It is said of him that every waking hour was given to *Ben Hur*, so enraptured was he himself with his own story.

I turn to this splendid life of WALLACE, to its inspiration, to its accomplishment of his purpose, to the brightness of his genius, to his strength and power, and behind all and above all is a force no human thought can know. It is only the exhibition of the life force we see, and not the life itself. Herbert Spencer sought to encompass the entire field of knowledge with the theory of evolution of forces, but after his failure he said:

Life itself proves to be utterly inconceivable; there is probably an inconceivable element in its ultimate working. We do not see the power, only the manifestation of the power; the power itself is inconceivable.

The trend of consciousness is toward a perfect condition—toward a more complete life for every individual. In the

whole economy of the universe this all-embracing purpose is made manifest. Our desire to perpetuate the memory of WALLACE is the desire of the whole human race. We receive his marble statue in this Hall of Fame to attest our admiration of him and to project his character and work into the future. The millions that shall tread to and fro and look upon LEW WALLACE will find in him the representation of the man who wrought one of the masterpieces of English literature. [Applause.]

A curious fact in this nature of ours: We admire the genius of WALLACE, his deep feeling, his pathos, and rise with him to the sublime heights that he rose, but he can not give to us for our keeping and enjoyment those generous powers he possessed. We, each for ourselves, if we desire to, must feel the thoughts he felt, be moved by the same impulses he was moved by, by our own individual effort.

In this closing hour of tribute there comes to us, as it always comes, unbidden, the most stupendous of all problems, that problem that makes the blood run slower in your veins and turns the soul back upon itself: Is there a LEW WALLACE in all this vast universe to-day? And faith, not the child of despair, nor the heredity of ecclesiasticism, but an elementary constituent principle of our moral natures, turns to the everlasting eternal power for answer. Beyond the distant centuries it was written, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" And since that inquiry man himself has responded that in all the vast creative genius of the Almighty he is the only creature that by his own power builds upon his own accomplishments higher and higher, till he reaches the very bosom of God himself. [Applause.] Assume that death is all! Let the stars go back into the black vault from which they came, if in their greeting.



there is no token of the breaking of an eternal morning; let the bursting rose of spring wither to ashes in the hand if in it there is no gospel of eternity; and let hope, the richest, dearest possession, die among the broken crags of a lifeless world!

It must be so. Plato thou reasonest well:  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back upon herself and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter  
And intimates eternity to man.

[Applause.]



## Address of Mr. Adair, of Indiana



Mr. SPEAKER: It was in 1864 Congress invited each State of the Union to erect statues of two of its most eminent citizens in the Old Hall of the House of Representatives. In pursuance of this invitation many of the States have accepted the privilege, Indiana being among the number. As you pass from one end of the Capitol to the other, you must, of necessity, go through "Statuary Hall," and in passing through it, you never fail to observe the large number of visitors charmed by the scene. Not only the statues, that attract, charm, and win the admiration of all who pass and think, but the memories that cluster around every object and bring fresh to the mind the memorable scenes in the history of that hall, all unite to constrain you to feel that you are in the presence of objects rendered sacred by their history.

Mr. Speaker, in selecting from among the illustrious dead of the State of Indiana the two most worthy to be represented in the Hall of Fame, it seemed to the general assembly of our beloved State appropriate, first of all, to choose the war governor, Oliver P. Morton, whose statue was presented to the Nation nine years ago; and, second, the scholar, patriot, lawyer, soldier, and author, General LEW WALLACE, whose statue now stands beside that of Morton.

It is both fitting and fortunate that these two statues should stand together. During the dark days of the sixties, when the black clouds of war hung heavy and thick over our Nation's capital, these two men were united in their effort to preserve

the Union. Morton, as Governor of Indiana, made a wise selection when he appointed WALLACE adjutant-general; but WALLACE was not contented in sending other men to the front, but asked to be relieved from the duties of adjutant-general, that he might go in the active service and fight for liberty, justice, and the preservation of the Union. And it was by reason of the service of such men as WALLACE that the current of American patriotism was widened and deepened and the country saved from the peril that threatened her existence almost fifty years ago. Such patriotism infused a spirit into American citizenship that will guide and protect the American Union for centuries to come.

General LEW WALLACE was born at Brookville, Indiana, April 10, 1827. He was, in every sense, a self-made man. He knew what it was to labor, and in this he was not different from his neighbors and associates, who, like himself, found the healthy and vigorous training by labor in early life the best preparation for the mental, as well as physical, tasks of after life. In his early life he never lost an opportunity to learn, as well as to labor, and although in those days the road to knowledge was rough and difficult, yet he acquired a good education and a command of language that enabled him to write a single book that made his name a household word the world over. At the beginning of the Mexican war he entered the army as a first lieutenant, and after having been honorably discharged from that service in 1848 he began the practice of law in Covington, Indiana, but later moved his office to Crawfordsville, where he continued his practice. He was subsequently elected to the state senate and served four years in that body, with credit to himself and with credit to the people he represented. As I have stated, at the beginning of the civil war he was made adjutant-general of Indiana, but soon thereafter became colonel of the Eleventh

Indiana Volunteer Infantry, with which he served in West Virginia, taking part in the capture of Romney and the ejection of the opposition at Harpers Ferry. On September 3, 1861, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and led a division of the Union lines at the capture of Fort Donelson. In this contest WALLACE displayed such remarkable ability that on March 21, 1862, he was commissioned as major-general of volunteers. He took an active part in the battle of Shiloh, his division having been placed on the north side of Snake Creek, on a road leading to Savannah or Crumps Landing to Purdy. He was ordered by General Grant to cross the creek and come up to General W. T. Sherman's right, which covered the bridge over that stream, Sherman depending upon him for support, but on account of the almost impassable condition of the road he did not arrive until night. He was in time, however, to render efficient service in the second day's fight, and the subsequent days' advance on Corinth. It is to his credit to note that in November, 1862, he was president of the court of inquiry on military conduct of Don Carlos Buell, in the operations in Tennessee and Kentucky. It was WALLACE who prepared the defenses of Cincinnati in 1863, which he saved from capture, and was subsequently assigned to the command of the Middle Department and the Eighth Army Corps, with headquarters in Baltimore, Maryland. With 5,800 men he intercepted the march of General Early on Washington, District of Columbia, and on July 9, 1864, fought the battle of Monocacy, and although he was defeated he gained sufficient time to enable General Grant to send reinforcements to the Capital from City Point.

General WALLACE was in no way responsible for his defeat, but General Halleck, not at the time fully understanding the situation, issued an order removing him from his command, and WALLACE was superseded by General Orde; but when General

Grant learned all the particulars of the action he immediately reinstated WALLACE. It will also be remembered that General WALLACE was honored by being made the second member of the court that tried the assassins of President Lincoln, and was also made president of the court which tried and convicted Captain Henry Wirz, commandant of Andersonville prison. He was mustered out of volunteer service in 1865, having given four years of his life in the service of his country. After having been mustered out of the volunteer service he returned to Crawfordsville, Indiana, and again took up the practice of law. So far as I know, he won no particular distinction in the practice, but enjoyed and deserved the reputation of carefully and faithfully discharging every duty to his clients.

In 1878 he was made Governor of New Mexico by President Grant, and served in that capacity until 1881. It was during this service that he first conceived and wrote a part of Ben Hur, of which 300,000 copies have been printed and sold. It is no exaggeration to say that this was one of the most successful novels ever written, and has been read by millions of people the world over. It has been printed in many languages, and is without doubt the best story of Jesus ever written by mortal man. He also wrote the tale of The Fair God, being a story of the conquest of Mexico. This novel, however, was not so popular as Ben Hur, and the sale was somewhat limited. After his service as Governor of New Mexico had ended, in 1881, he was appointed United States minister to Turkey by President Garfield and served in that capacity until 1885, when he returned to Crawfordsville and resumed the practice of law. General WALLACE had been tendered other positions at foreign courts, but refused to accept them; but when offered the position as minister to Turkey he accepted and discharged the duties of that position in such manner as no other than a

scholar, lawyer, soldier, and author could have done. With his rare ability, his courteous and graceful manner, he was splendidly equipped for the diplomatic service. In that position he won the admiration of the American people in his devotion to their interests and in the protection of their rights.

After his service had ended at a foreign court he returned to Crawfordsville and again resumed the practice of law. LEW WALLACE was a man of such irreproachable integrity of character that all men who knew him were constrained to acknowledge his virtues. As a citizen he loved his country and her institutions and rejoiced in her progress and prosperity. As a soldier and author he ranked high, while as a debator and a lecturer he was exceptionally gifted. As a politician he never claimed to be a success, and as a legislator his experience was limited. While by voice and vote he contributed but little to the laws of our State, he always urged a strict observance of all the laws, both State and national. While he believed that bad laws, if any there were, should be repealed as speedily as possible, he also believed for the sake of example they should be sacredly observed while in force. He also believed, as did Lincoln, that every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity should swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country and never to encourage their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his fathers, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in the schools, in seminaries,

and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the Nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altar. While ever a state of feeling such as this shall universally or even very generally prevail throughout the nation, vain will be the effort and fruitless every attempt to subvert our national freedom. [Applause.]

While General WALLACE earned and accumulated some wealth, he never allowed the almighty dollar to come between him and duty. It is unfortunate for the future welfare of our country that many of the American people place too high an estimate on riches. I have much admiration for the man who is industrious, economical, and provident, while I have no patience with the man who is reckless, indolent, and extravagant. We should remember the real purpose of earning money is to secure a happy and useful life, and not the sole end and aim of existence. The individual whose only purpose is to see how many dollars he can accumulate, how much of this world's goods he can gather together, is a detriment rather than a benefit to the Nation. Love, charity, and benevolence will be strangers to such an individual, and avarice, covetousness, and greed will be his companions. Unfortunately, this mercenary spirit has grown in our country to such an extent that it is a reproach to our religion and a blot on our civilization. It is poisoning the life-blood of our Nation and marring the beauty of our free institutions with the ugly ulcers of official dishonesty. The effect of this mercenary spirit is detrimental to the welfare of our people and deserves the censure and condemnation of every true, loyal-hearted, patriotic American citizen. It is the duty



of each one of us to do what we can toward crushing out selfishness and greed and inculcating a spirit of toleration, liberality, and charity, to the end that the people may not live for self alone, but for the good and happiness of all mankind. I am certain, Mr. Speaker, if LEW WALLACE were living to-day, he would use his powerful intellect and his mighty pen in striking down this grasping spirit which threatens the very foundation of our Government.

Mr. Speaker, the people of Indiana, among whom he was born, reared, and lived, and who are proud to mention his name, present to the Nation his image in enduring marble, and have placed it in "the sacred circle" among the immortal membership. We come now asking that it be accepted as the gift of Indiana, not claiming for him to have been the greatest of all, but only one of our citizens who was loved and trusted by our people, and who discharged his full duty as a citizen, as a soldier, as a patriot, and as a statesman. I ask that you accept our gift and express the hope for the prosperity, the happiness, and the continuance of the great American Union, "one and inseparable, now and forever." [Applause.]



## Address of Mr. Dixon, of Indiana.



MR. SPEAKER: To-day this House turns from the routine order of business for a time to accept from the State of Indiana a statue of one of her most illustrious and distinguished sons, LEW WALLACE.

This tribute she thus bestows upon her honored dead is in recognition of his services to his State, his country, and to mankind as soldier, diplomat, and author. As a soldier he was faithful and brave, and his services honored his State; as a diplomat he gave character and standing abroad to his country, and as an author he brought the life of the Nazarene nearer to the hearts of all mankind. Indiana thus honors WALLACE dead, for WALLACE living added to the fame and glory of that State.

In 1864, after the completion of the present Hall of the House of Representatives, a law was enacted which provided in substance that each and all the States be invited to provide and furnish statues, not exceeding two in number, of deceased persons who had been citizens thereof and illustrious for their historic renown or for distinguished civic or military service, and when so furnished should be placed in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, which was set apart as a National Statuary Hall.

It was a beautiful conception of Senator Morrill, of Vermont, that led to the dedication of that Chamber as a Statuary Hall, wherein should be placed the marble and bronze figures of so many renowned and distinguished heroes. That old hall was

the scene of many contests, in which the Nation's greatest leaders had engaged. It had been hallowed by their presence, and fitting, indeed, that it should become the place where the country's history could be read in the silent figures gathered there. It typifies our loyalty to the past, strengthens us in our devotion to the country, and will be an inspiration to those yet unborn who will linger in that silent chamber of the dead.

Within that hall are found eminent soldiers, citizens, and statesmen, whose names are not only familiar to all, but whose services have added luster and renown to our country. They represent the soldiers whose bravery and daring in the Revolutionary war gave us a free Government; those who carried our banners in triumph in the war with Mexico, and those who led our forces in the civil war and carried our banners, in defeat and victory, from Manassas to Appomattox, but always with bravery and devotion and to ultimate success; statesmen whose learning and wisdom builded the great fabric of our civil government, that has stood the assaults of more than a century and has become an inspiration and a hope for the struggling and oppressed of other lands; statesmen whose diplomacy has secured an extension of our territory from the 13 original States until it encompasses the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a territory of untold wealth; statesmen who followed the noble example of the magnanimous Grant at Appomattox, and cemented the union of States and of hearts which found its happiest realization in the Spanish war, where sons of grandfathers who had marched shoulder to shoulder in the Revolutionary war and had rejoiced together at the surrender of Burgoyne; sons of fathers who had met in the many battles of the civil war and had rendered famous the battlefields of Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Gettysburg; and in Cuba marched side by side up San Juan Hill and displayed the same courage that had

made their fathers famous in the battlefields of the civil war and their forefathers illustrious by their victories in the war for independence.

The legislature of Indiana had a delicate task to perform in selecting the persons whom she would honor by presenting their statues to the Government. Indiana had a galaxy of distinguished, patriotic, and heroic sons from whom to choose. There sleep within her beloved borders many men who had no peers as statesmen, no superiors as scholars and authors, and none who displayed greater courage or bravery on the battlefield, any one of whom Indiana would proudly honor. She has produced statesmen whose learning and patriotism have given strength and power to the Nation; scholars whose learning has called them to the highest educational institutions in the land; orators whose words have enraptured and thrilled the multitudes; poets whose sweet songs have enthralled the continent; authors whose writings have illuminated the literature of the world; and soldiers whose bravery and devotion on every battlefield have added grandeur and glory to our country. To-day she has a high and intellectual citizenship of noble and honest people, the highest type of civilization, the choicest and the brightest gem of all her possessions.

Indiana could have selected with pride Benjamin Harrison, a former President and a statesman in the highest and the broadest sense of the word; Thomas A. Hendricks, the gifted and patriotic governor, Senator, and Vice-President, who graced, dignified, and honored every official position he ever occupied [applause]; David Turpie, the intellectual giant and most scholarly gentleman who ever graced and adorned the Senate Chamber; Daniel W. Voorhees, the brilliant orator and friend of all mankind, whose warm heart beat in sympathy with the oppressed of every land [applause]; or Joseph E. McDonald, whose

legal mind had no superior. These men would each be worthy associates of the immortals in this Pantheon of the Nation.

On April 14, 1900, this House accepted the first statue contributed by the State of Indiana, that of Oliver P. Morton. It was a fitting gift from the State he loved and served so faithfully and well. To-day, the second statue from our State—the first man whom Morton called for consultation and advice after Sumter had been fired on.

LEW WALLACE was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Indiana, on April 10, 1827, and remained a citizen of Indiana until his death, February 15, 1905.

LEW WALLACE was not a student as a boy and gave no early premonitions of his future success. As a schoolboy of 6 he witnessed the departure of the volunteers for the Black Hawk war; plaudits of the crowd thrilled him with pleasure, the military display captivated his mind, and he imbibed a love for a soldier's life.

He attended college and later reported the proceedings of the legislature for one of the city papers. During this time he gave great attention to literary reading and conceived the idea of writing a book that ultimately developed into *The Fair God*. With such taste his failure to secure a license to practice law is not surprising. Blackstone, Chitty, and Kent were not especially interesting to him whose thoughts and ideas were on other things.

It was at this time that General Taylor had departed on an unknown mission to Mexico, and war with that country was regarded as a probability. WALLACE was more interested in reading the account of threatened war than in reading law, and promptly at the beginning of that war he opened a recruiting station and raised a company of volunteers, was elected an officer thereof, and went to Mexico. A soldier for a year, he

was never in a battle nor heard the roar of contending armies, but was ready at all times to respond to orders and perform a soldier's duty. His military life ended, he began the practice of law. He was elected prosecuting attorney for two terms, and in 1856 he became state senator. A few years before, he was reporting the speeches of others; he had now returned to become a participant himself. WALLACE was a Democrat at that time, and every office he ever held by election was received from that party.

As a member of the senate he introduced a resolution favoring the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, in harmony with the sentiments then and now of that party. In the fierce political contests in the legislature, when the fight seemed to threaten the party, he never flinched, but obeyed the command of the caucus, though its decrees were not always in accordance with his judgment.

Morton and WALLACE had been political friends and associates, both Democrats, and when Morton espoused the cause of the new Republican party they became estranged. When the signs pointed to war in 1861 WALLACE called upon Morton, then governor, and tendered his services in case war became inevitable. The coldness between them melted away in the presence of threatened danger to the Nation, and they became united in purpose for the preservation of the Union. On April 13, 1861, WALLACE was addressing a jury when a telegram was placed in his hands; a message short, yet momentous in its results. It read, "Sumter has been fired on; come immediately," and was signed by Oliver P. Morton. The speech was left unfinished, and WALLACE reported for duty.

Hardly had the electric wire flashed the message over the borders of Indiana than thousands of her sons shouted their willingness to uphold the flag. WALLACE reported for duty

Sunday night and was appointed to raise the troops in response to the President's call. Within five days 130 companies were in camp, more than double the number requested. WALLACE was appointed colonel, and marched from Indiana with the Eleventh Regiment Indiana Volunteers. From that day to the end of the war he gave his thoughts, his services, and his heart to the Union cause. He won rank and distinction; entering the army as colonel, he left it as major-general. His services in the field were supplemented by his counsel at headquarters. A disciplinarian, yet always considerate of the private soldier. He knew that victories were won by private soldiers whose names were merged in the general result of battles and 'only the officers' names remembered. Hope of military renown and the voice of ambition were not in his thought; he responded to his country's call and faithfully performed a soldier's duty. On every battlefield where he was present he was in the foremost of the fight, and his presence both cheered and encouraged his brave troops. The Shiloh episode for a time dimmed the luster of his military fame; but "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and those who were first to censure later were generous enough to confess their original error. The loyalty of his men gave added evidence of the injustice of the charge. This alleged misconduct dimmed for a period his military prestige and relieved him of active duty in the field. Later WALLACE was placed in charge at Baltimore.

He saw the confederate forces under General Early massing for action and believed the objective point was Washington. With speed, energy, and tact he gathered his small forces in the path of the 30,000 marching on Washington. Victory was impossible, success inconceivable, but to delay the enemy's march a day meant Washington saved. With courage that was matchless, with heroism that was sublime, he blocked the progress of



the confederate troops until Grant could reenforce Washington. General Grant gave WALLACE alone the credit of saving Washington, and WALLACE was recognized as the hero of Monocacy. In that great conflict Indiana did her full duty. One-half of her citizens eligible by age for military service went to the field. No State did more.

WALLACE left the army at the close of the war and returned to the pursuits of peace. The war over, he taught the lessons of forgiveness and sought to bind up the wounds of the broken South. He believed a cessation of war should be followed by reunion and reconciliation, and that—

You can not chain the eagle,  
You will not harm the dove,  
And many a gate which hath bars to hate  
Will open wide to love.

[Applause.]

In 1873 he published *The Fair God*, which established in the country his literary genius. *Ben Hur*, the crowning glory of his life, was given to the world in 1878.

The world has placed a high estimate upon the literary works of WALLACE. *Ben Hur* has been dramatized, and this has added to the publicity and value of the work. It has been translated into French, Bohemian, Swedish, Turkish, Spanish, Portuguese, and Arabic, and printed in raised letters for the blind. Few books receive such prominence and few deserve the same. His stories are not only interesting and entertaining, but they are thrilling and instructive. His style is pleasing and inimitable; his word painting, beautiful and fascinating. The account of the chariot race is so natural that it is thrilling as well as vivid and realistic. The sea fight is intensely dramatic and wonderful, and the disentombing of Ben Hur's mother and sister and their midnight visit to their old home at Jerusalem holds one entranced.

The religious belief of WALLACE has been a subject of discussion by those whose only knowledge of him was from his works. In his autobiography he says:

In the very beginning, before distractions overtake me, I wish to say that I believe absolutely in the Christian conception of God. As far as it goes this confession is broad and unqualified, and it ought and would be sufficient were it not that books of mine, *Ben Hur* and *The Prince of India*, have led many persons to speculate concerning my creed. I am not a member of any church or denomination, nor have I ever been. Not that churches are objectionable to me, but simply because my freedom is enjoyable, and I do not think myself good enough to be a communicant. None the less, I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and that there may be no suspicion of haggling on the word "divinity" permission is besought to quote the preface of a little volume of mine, *The Boyhood of Christ*.

Should anyone ask of another or wonder in himself why I, who am neither minister of the gospel, theologian, nor churchman, have presumed to write this book, it pleases me to answer him, respectfully, I wrote it to fix an impression distinctly in my mind. Asks he for the impression thus sought to be fixed in my mind, then I would be twice happy did he content himself with this answer: The Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, was, in all the stages of His life, a human being. His divinity was the Spirit within Him, "And the Spirit was God."

General WALLACE was Governor of New Mexico and minister to Turkey. He believed that with a change in the political administration of the Government the President should be relieved of the services of those of opposite politics. Upon the day Cleveland was inaugurated he telegraphed his resignation as minister to Turkey. On the preceding day, in a letter to his wife, he said:

I have tried many things in the course of the drama, the law, soldiery, politics, authorship, and last, diplomacy; and if I pass judgment upon the success achieved in each it seems now that when I sit down finally in the old man's gown and slippers, helping the cat to keep the fireplace warm, I shall look back upon *Ben Hur* as my best performance, and this mission near the Sultan as my next best.

WALLACE was a man of great ability and spotless character, and had a most memorable, most remarkable, and most successful career. Obedience to duty was the rule of his life; he obeyed

his superior and expected obedience from his subordinates. Devoted to the soldiers of his division, they in turn were loyal in their devotion to him. He was happiest when adding to the pleasures of others, and believed a life of duty was the only pathway to the heights of true greatness.

In the life of WALLACE can be seen the relative reward of politics and authorship. Political position may dazzle the mind for a time and becloud the judgment; its honors may appear alluring and priceless, but they are unstable, uncertain, and transitory. But authorship will survive the cataclysm of politics. WALLACE'S father was governor, but only the political student remembers that fact; the author of *Ben Hur* will be known in the centuries yet unborn.

Mr. Speaker, Indiana has no ordinary place in her relations to other States; with less than 100,000 when admitted into the Union, she now has nearly 3,000,000 citizens. Her broad plains, her inexhaustible mines of hidden wealth, her fertile valleys and beautiful rivers, have made her an enviable name. Her institutions of learning dot her broad surface as the stars bedeck the illimitable blue, her houses of religious worship, lifting heavenward their countless spires, join in the enchanting chorus of her material prosperity, intellectual development, and moral elevation.

In engineering she gave to the world James Buchanan Eads; in painting, Steele, Stark, and Forsythe, whose works delight the eye and charm the beholder; in sculpture, Mahoney and Bernard, whose works adorn and beautify the parks and public buildings of the country; in diplomacy, Hay and Foster, Denby and WALLACE, and each has graced the international politics of the world; in statesmanship, Hendricks and Morton, McDonald and Harrison, Kerr and Colfax, Lane and Julian, Thompson and Voorhees, Turpie and Gresham. She has furnished illus-

trious names to other States, Harding to Utah, Blaisdell to Nevada, Lane to Oregon, Burnside to Rhode Island, Wright to Iowa, and Spooner to Wisconsin. In literature she has given to the world Edward Eggleston, Maurice Thompson, Meredith Nicholson, Booth Tarkington, Charles Major, George Ade, and James Whitcomb Riley. She has furnished a President, three Vice-Presidents, and three Speakers of the National House of Representatives, whose services are interwoven with the Nation's history.

In Indiana there lived for many years a youth who gained there his early education and whose character was molded by its environments, a youth who in later years became the idol of our Nation, the tenderest, most loving, and most loved of all our leaders—the martyred Lincoln. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, we as Indianians are proud of our beloved State, proud of its history, proud of its people and its high standard of citizenship, proud of their devotion to the State and Nation, proud of the intellectual and social position of its inhabitants, proud of its physical character as one of her own gifted women has so truthfully said:

The winds of Heaven never fanned,  
The circling sunlight never spanned,  
A fairer or a better land  
Than our own Indiana.

[Applause.]

Proud as we are of all this, we are prouder yet to be citizens of the mighty Republic in which are wrapped the hopes and aspirations of all mankind—a nation destined to be the controlling factor in the progress of the world.

Now Indiana places by the side of Morton the image of WALLACE and salutes him as a soldier, diplomat, and author. [Applause.]

## Address of Mr. Barnard, of Indiana.



MR. SPEAKER: It seems especially fitting that in these exercises I should express a tribute to the memory of the man whose statue we to-day accept and place in Memorial Hall, because I am an Indianian and share with my people a just pride in her great men, and for the further reason that General LEW WALLACE was born in the congressional district I have the honor to represent in this body.

The old town of Brookville, situated in one of the most picturesque and beautiful portions of the country, and made historic by reason of having located in it the land office through which entry was made to the lands in the new country and by reason of furnishing to the country many men who distinguished themselves in the various walks of life, was his birthplace.

When less than 5 years old he removed with his family to Covington, Indiana, on the banks of the Wabash, and before reaching the age when he was placed in school became the almost daily companion of the ferryman who plied his boat across the river at that point, sharing with him his noonday meal, and by this association no doubt learning lessons which were to be a strength to him in his life work.

In his school days he was a normal boy, for while attending a seminary he says of himself:

The river was a siren, with a song everlasting in my ears. I could hear it the day long. It seemed especially addressed to me, and was at no time so sweet and irresistible as when I was struggling with the multiplication table or some abstruse rule of grammar.

We get an insight into the character of mind it took to produce the books he wrote when we learn that he had no taste for mathematics, and made up his mind when he first saw an arithmetic that the science of numbers and himself would never be friends, which he says proved to be true through all his life, and when we learn the further fact that geography appealed to him and strengthened his imagination. From its pages he learned that there were other rivers than the Wabash, and that beyond the great oceans there were countries peopled as was his own neighborhood.

If programmes made out for the youth by teachers had have been always strictly enforced, many of the world's greatest orations would have remained unspoken, and poetry and song that is worth while would not have been written.

He seemed from his youth to be destined for a soldier, for while in school he spent much time in the drawing of imaginary battlefields and placing contending armies thereon.

While yet a very young man he became a soldier for his country in the Mexican war, and his gallantry and zeal won for him the approval of his people and distinguished him as one possessed of military genius of a high order.

As adjutant-general of Indiana under the great war governor, Oliver P. Morton, he bore a conspicuous part in the work of raising and equipping Indiana's first soldiers in the war of the rebellion, and finally, at his earnest solicitation, the military spirit within him having taken complete possession, he was permitted by the governor to leave his post and go to the front, and during the years from 1861 to 1865 in that great conflict he bore such a part as to make for himself a name as a soldier that shall last so long as there is history.

The thing that brings him nearer to the hearts of the people of to-day than any of his achievements was the writing of Ben

Hur, a book that has been translated into every modern tongue and read by more people than any book, save two, that has ever been penned by man.

Various reasons have been assigned by different persons, some of which have been claimed by the authors to have been obtained from him, for his writing this book, but I believe that what appealed to his soul and took possession of him and was the starting point from which the story was evolved was the following from Matthew's gospel:

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.

He saw and touched hands and lived with the characters of this great book as he himself expressed it. He rode with Balthasar on his great white camel to the place appointed for the meeting beyond Moab. He traveled with the mysterious three wise men on their several journeys to their place of meeting, and was present and listened to their introductions and explanations of how each was summoned by the spirit to come. He sat down and ate with them in the shade of their tent and journeyed with them to Jerusalem, guided by the star. He lay with the shepherds in their sheepfold on that first Christmas night. He saw the serene and beautiful face of Mary. He worked as a galley slave and drove the wonderful and beautiful horses in the chariot race.

When Dickens wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* he awakened the conscience of the English people and aroused them against the existing school system, and thus did more for the children of that country than could have been accomplished in a long time by the teaching of the philosophers, and through the pages of *Ben Hur* WALLACE struck infidelity a harder blow than had been dealt it by the preaching of years.

He believed that a government such as ours would live and be perpetuated only through opposing political parties, and having this belief he was a loyal and ardent member of that political party he thought best able to administer the affairs of the people, but he was so mindful of the rights of those who differed from him as to their opinions that he carried his partisanship without giving offense.

He was a leader of men, who sought and procured a following by no other means than the force of his character and abilities as an orator and writer; a man of convictions and courage, who indulged them without bitterness or hate.

The speeches and writings of the statesmen whose statues grace this Hall may be read less and less as generations succeed each other, but as long as the story of the life and mission of Jesus is read and believed, so long will the story of Ben Hur be read and appeal to the hearts of the people, and in years to come more will look upon the statue of General WALLACE and feel that they have an acquaintance with the character of the man whom it represents than almost any other placed about it. [Applause.]

He discharged the duties of every public trust honestly, faithfully, and with full measure.

We present this monument to the Nation as a tribute to him as soldier, diplomat, and author, and in the hearts of the people who knew him best he is enshrined as a gallant soldier, a matchless diplomat, a great author, and, above all, an ideal citizen. [Applause.]



## Address of Mr. Cullop, of Indiana



Mr. SPEAKER: General LEW WALLACE was born at Brookville, Indiana, in April, 1827, and died at Crawfordsville, in his native State, in February, 1905.

His life covered a span of sixty-eight years, nearly the allotted three score and ten. His birth occurred just eleven years after Indiana had been admitted into the Union as a State and when it contained a population of less than 150,000 people in all of its territory of more than 35,000 square miles. Its broad, unbroken prairies and giant forests, with but few exceptions, were as they had come from the hand of nature, and the painted and plumed barbarian still made his habitation within its boundaries; settlements were few and distances between them great.

There was not at that time a single mile of railroad, telegraph, or telephone in the entire State or a city with a population of as much as 10,000. Its great mines and quarries were undiscovered, and its vast reservoirs of gas and oil were unknown. Its great manufactories now operated were not even within the dream of the most optimistic.

How marvelous the progress which marked the period embraced in his lifetime! At the time of his death the State contained a population of nearly 3,000,000; its territory checked and interlaced with steam and electric roads, telegraph and telephone lines, dotted with splendid cities, and the whole territory in a high state of cultivation, yielding more of the cereals

according to its size than any other State in the Union; with its inexhaustible mines and quarries producing enormous wealth and its mineral wells pouring out their great quantities of gas and oil, multiplying the wealth and supplying comfort and happiness for its people; its great manufactories scattered over every part of the State, employing thousands and producing almost every article of mechanics which the genius of man has been able to invent or devise.

The transition was most wonderful and is hard to realize, but it occurred under his observation as he worked out the problem of a noble life. It has been said that one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of man is "to be born well, live well, and die well." It can be truthfully said that he enjoyed all these, and the legacy he left to his posterity embraces this noble distinction. His father was a public man of high renown, a Member of the Congress of the United States, and an honored Governor of the State of Indiana, a man of ability, sterling character, and endowed with fine intellectual qualities. His mother was a woman of great culture, noble mind, and rare womanly graces. Reared amid such splendid environments, and such good influences impressed upon his mind in youth and early manhood, shaped and fashioned his character for the useful career and splendid life of his mature manhood and the great achievements carved out for him, and when life's battles had ended he had truly won great victories as a reward.

He lived not only in a period of great material and mental progress, but also in a period when surrounded in every department of life with great and noted intellectual characters. He had for contemporaries in his own State men of great mental powers, with whom to earn distinction he must measure arms and do battle. Fearlessly he entered the arena and withstood the contest and carried off honors which gave him an enviable position among the illustrious men of the world.

Among his associates in Indiana were such distinguished men as Thomas A. Hendricks, Benjamin Harrison, Richard W. Thompson, Oliver P. Morton, Daniel W. Voorhees, Joseph E. McDonald, and David Turpie, each of whom rose to high positions in the eyes of their countrymen and left undying fame as a legacy for their great State. These men and others were rivals with him before the public for favors and preferment at the same time, and all of them earned a reward worthy of a place in the great "Hall of Fame" as a distinction for work well done and conspicuous public service.

Their great services and wonderful achievements in statesmanship successfully challenge the history of any other State in the American Union to produce such a galaxy of names living at the same period of time. As a statesman, President, and constitutional lawyer, Benjamin Harrison is without a peer; Thomas A. Hendricks as a Vice-President, governor, Senator, and statesman has no superior; Oliver P. Morton as governor and Senator was celebrated for his executive ability and great leadership; Daniel W. Voorhees was the greatest orator of his day, either at the bar or on the hustings; Joseph E. McDonald was a great lawyer, organizer, and a fearless leader; Richard W. Thompson as a Cabinet officer was a diplomat of great distinction; David W. Turpie was a man celebrated for his rare scholarly attainments. With such renowned men as these LEW WALLACE had to compete and won his way to fame.

He selected the law as a vocation in life, and made reasonable progress fighting his way among such distinguished and powerful associates. When the civil war broke out he was in the prime of manhood and earning in his chosen profession a splendid reputation, commanding the confidence of bench and bar by his sterling qualities of head and heart and manly conduct.

In the spring of 1861, while trying a lawsuit at Frankfort, Indiana, during the course of his argument to the jury he was

interrupted and handed a telegram from Governor Morton, requesting his immediate presence at Indianapolis for a conference and advising him that the flag had been fired on at Fort Sumter. He turned from the jury and handed the message to the judge on the bench, and at once, without concluding his argument, left the court room, mounted a horse, rode miles to the nearest railroad station, and took the first train for Indianapolis. Arriving there, he immediately sought the Governor, learned of the national situation, the impending danger, and then and there tendered his services to his country, which were accepted, and he at once raised a regiment and marched to the front in defense of his country.

As the colonel of his regiment when mustered in, he required each man on bended knees and with uplifted hand to pledge his honor as a sacrifice to unfaltering bravery, either in or out of battle, as long as he remained in the service. At this time excitement ran high and public sentiment was at fever heat. The State was stirred to patriotic duty from the Ohio state line on the east to the Wabash River on the west and from the Ohio River on the south to Lake Michigan on the north.

Indiana at that time had a population of about 800,000, and yet it furnished for the federal army 250,000 soldiers, a record of which few States can boast, a record that made it famous throughout the Union.

LEW WALLACE, on account of bravery and military skill, was promoted to a generalship, and as a skillful commander was often commended, as a reward of high merit. When the war closed and peace was declared he returned to the civic walks of life and took up his chosen profession, and aided in binding up the wounds of the Nation, healing its sores, and reestablishing the marvelous prosperity which has marked its onward march since the sisterhood of States was restored. But he had become

conspicuous in the public eye, and he was soon afterwards called to be a territorial governor and a foreign diplomat as the reward of his well-trained mind and splendid conception of public duty.

In every public position he elevated the public service by his faithful and able discharge of its duties, so that whether in civil or military office he left an impression for good accomplished in the work performed. He made a commendable record, he elevated the public office to a position of public trust, and established higher standards as precepts for others to follow and imitate. But it was not in military or official life where he won greatest honors. If rested on these alone, his fame would be secure and legacy rich. But his greatest triumphs were in the literary fields, where he earned honor greater than all else, and which has made his name a household word throughout the literary world, and where it will remain as long as the Anglo-Saxon civilization exists.

Fair God, Ben Hur, and The Prince of India are the products of his brain, displaying his rare genius and power, the great resources of his well-trained intellect. These contributions to the literature of the world are worthy of the pen of the writers of any age and have heralded the fame of their author to the limits of civilization and will continue to do so for ages, and will instruct, amuse, and entertain generations yet unborn. [Applause.]

In the evolution of time, with its unfolding mysteries, these works, the products of his pen, will hold a place secure in the public affection as works worthy of the libraries of the most fastidious, as companions for the student and delight for the public. In them is displayed the real genius of the man, the magnitude of his ability, and the high order of his well-trained mind. The moral each unfolds and impresses as the lesson

taught elevates the thought and inspires higher and better ideals in all who read and study these great productions.

In these are revealed the real character of the man and the noble purposes to which he dedicated his life work—that from his soul he loved the good above all else as the highest and best purpose to which his powers could be devoted in pointing out the object of man's creation. He left by this employment of his great genius a heritage to posterity which will bear lasting fruits in the betterment of his race and the elevation of conditions throughout the world, contributing to the supremacy of mental power over physical force and the triumph of reason in the struggle which ensues among the millions of humanity for power and domination in the tempestuous course of life.

As days crowd days into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years, the value of his well-spent life and devoted efforts will increase in public appreciation, and his services will yield greater influence in the measure of human greatness. Around his memory will be woven garlands of great richness as evidence of the growing esteem the world has for the memory of one who carved on the temple of undying fame the work of a great and useful life, devoted to the elevation of his race and to the inspiration of life eternal. It is fitting that the State of his birth, the scene of his entire life, the theater of his action, should place a statue in the great Hall of Fame as a mark of distinction, as an evidence of recognition of the great services he rendered, and as an approval by his State for the honor and glory he left it as an enduring heritage, crowned by his countrymen with laurels, lauded and envied by his rivals in the struggling march of humanity throughout the countless ages as measured on the calendar of time, he will sleep in the soil of his native State waiting the verdict of eternity oblivious to what we say or do here.

As future generations will march through the Hall of Fame in this the Capitol of the greatest Nation in the world, they will pause and look upon the marble figure representing General LEW WALLACE, soldier, diplomat, and author, an honored son of the great Republic, it will inspire them to higher purposes, greater zeal, and loftier ideals in life's work, and it will increase their devotion to the institutions of their country and impress upon them the reward the fulfillment of good citizenship will receive, and that a human life well spent for the uplift of humanity has its lasting compensation which a generous public will bestow in commemoration as a reward. [Applause.]





## Address of Mr. Rauch, of Indiana



MR. SPEAKER: As a Member of Congress and a citizen of the State that gave to our country LEW WALLACE, it is my pleasure, and I deem it my duty, to say something on this occasion in commemoration of that great man and to call attention to what I regard as being the most important feature of his work.

In the work of most men some particular part stands out pre-eminent. This is true of WALLACE. Ben Hur is the crowning glory of his accomplishments. As a boy, the work made a profound impression on me; with advancing years, it has become one of my treasures. Its great strength lies not in its pure diction, wonderful style, or tender pathos, but in its purpose.

Before writing this book WALLACE was a man indifferent in feeling respecting the "to-morrow of death" of the "succession of life." No doubt this was an unsatisfactory state of mind. Without any formulated ideas as to his conclusion, he took for a key to the subject of his tale the quotation from St. Matthew:

Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying: Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east and are come to worship Him.

In speaking of his work, after commenting on his lack of convictions about God or Christ, WALLACE says: "Long before I was through with my book I became a believer in God and Christ." As the Egyptian, the Hindoo, and the Greek are irresistibly drawn to their meeting place in the desert, so is the author drawn to his conclusions. The purpose is thus

clearly disclosed. And therein lies the secret of the great success of the work. As the character of Hur grows in the book the conviction has grown in the author. So far as the belief of Ben Hur went, it was very much like that of WALLACE. He wrote reverentially and sometimes with awe.

The only time that Jesus Christ is present as an actor in a scene created by WALLACE is when He gives the cup of water to Ben Hur at the well near Nazareth. Afterwards, when Ben Hur listened to the preaching of the Nazarene, gazing upon His wonderful countenance, he remembers having seen the man.

The look so calm, so pitiful, so loving, had somewhere in the past beamed upon him as that moment it was beaming on Balthazar became an assurance. Faintly at first, at last a clear light, a burst of sunshine, the scene by the well at Nazareth what time the Roman guard was dragging him to the galleys returned, and all his being thrilled.

The wise men saw by the light of inspiration and believed. Ben Hur did not. In undertaking to convince Ben Hur the author convinces himself. That same conviction gradually steals over the reader. The work of WALLACE as a soldier and a diplomat made him one of the benefactors of his country; Ben Hur one of the benefactors of the Christian world.

The American who in the future visits the Capitol of our country and stands in the presence of the figures which adorn Statuary Hall will think of WALLACE as the author of Ben Hur. They will feel again the thrill of the chariot race. Their pity will again be excited by the misfortunes of the family of Hur, their indignation aroused by the cruelty of the Romans, and they will again be moved to religious emotion and persuaded to religious belief by his portrayal of the life and death of the lowly Nazarene. [Applause.]

## Address of Mr. Morrison, of Indiana



MR. SPEAKER: During the ceremonies at the unveiling of his statue in Statuary Hall, and during the proceedings had in the United States Senate and thus far in this House by way of the formal acceptance thereof by the Congress, high tribute has been paid to General LEW WALLACE as scholar, soldier, diplomat, author, and citizen.

No word of mine can add in the slightest degree to the just but appreciative and affectionate characterization of this great man, as the same has already been set forth in poetry and prose by men who were intimately acquainted with his life and labors.

General WALLACE was a true soldier. He was skilled and efficient in military organization. He was a wise and valiant commander of his men. One who served under him and learned on the field of battle to obey, admire, and love General WALLACE has borne cheerful testimony to these elements of his many-sided character. The fittest tribute to our soldier dead falls naturally from the lips of a living soldier, his comrade in arms, his faithful officer of inferior rank.

The best loved of living American poets has cast the deathless character of General WALLACE into the changeless form of classic verse. The chief executive of the State he loved and its representatives in the Senate of the United States have given to the world, and left upon the records of the Congress, full and fair estimates of General WALLACE as scholar, soldier, diplomat, author, and as an ideal citizen of Indiana and of the

Republic. To these the Members of this House have craved permission to add such words as shall in some fair measure give expression to the deep and deathless admiration and gratitude of the men and women whom they represent.

We, who were his neighbors, are permitted to pass and repass the almost enchanted spot where he wrote his immortal *Ben Hur*, a spot that grows dearer and more attractive with the passing years. To us, as to all the world, General WALLACE is, and shall ever be, a scholar, soldier, and statesman. But I fancy that by us he shall, in an ever-increasing measure, be remembered as the ideal citizen of Crawfordsville and the author of *Ben Hur*.

Men give character to the communities in which they live. Communities give character to men. Men and communities mutually mold, fashion, beautify, and adorn each other. It was a fact of no small import that the life of this splendid man was lived in the "Athens of the West." Learning and high character had given to his city a distinctive name known of all men throughout the Republic. He dwelt amidst its classic influences and was part of its refinement and culture. His character and works were, in part, inspired and ennobled by the community in which he lived. Upon the city of Crawfordsville and far beyond its confines the influence and memory of his personality and daily life shall long rest as an abiding benediction, pleading "like angels, trumpet-tongued," against all that is little and mean and selfish in men's lives.

He has taken his place among the immortals. He has realized the highest of all the hopes of men. I know of no hope that is sweeter to the human heart than the hope of immortality. I know of no assurance more blessed to one, in sickness or in health, than the assurance that, when one is called out of the activities of this life, he shall yet live. So, indeed, the true man

shall. He shall live in his own good works. He shall live in the memory of his friends and in the hearts of those whom he loved and by whom he was loved. He shall live in the Father's house, in the City Beautiful beyond the stars. This is immortality, indeed, a triple immortality, the rich reward and fruitage of a good man's life.

His earthly immortality is of no common type. The greatest of the products of his brain and heart takes deeper hold upon the hearts and minds of men year after year and shall generation after generation. The translator has added his contribution to the work of the author. In every civilized nation on the globe men are reading the thoughts of LEW WALLACE in their own mother tongue. The prophecy of Pentecost is finding a partial fulfillment in the ever deepening and widening influence of our hero's masterpiece.

For the sake of the fair renown of our beloved dead, for the spread of the kingdom of our common Master, and for the highest good of human kind, let it be our fond hope and fervent prayer that in every age, in every land, and in every tongue men shall read more and more the inimitable and imperishable drama of Ben Hur, a tale of the Christ. (Applause.)















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